

# The Nation

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## Events of the Week.

THE attempt to bring about peace between the Provisional Government in Ireland and the rebel section has broken down, nor was it possible to imagine a success for it. The aim of the "Republicans" is to overthrow the Treaty; and as the majority of the Irish favor the Treaty, the method of terrorism, copied from the Black-and-Tans, has been deliberately taken, and practised, like its exemplar, on the bodies of the Irish people. The complication unhappily extends to England, and on Wednesday the anti-Treaty party, led by Sir Henry Wilson, tried to drive home its moral in a demand for a British re-occupation of Ireland. This is an end which, we imagine, would be equally agreeable to Irish fanaticism; but we hope that it will be firmly resisted. No European Government would stand the murder and kidnapping of its servants without declaring war on the offender; but in this case the enemy is not a Government but a band of anarchists. Mr. Chamberlain answered the Wilsonians in this sense, and pleaded for patience with the difficulties of the Irish Government. This is the right tone; for it lays a responsibility on Mr. Griffith and Mr. Collins which they should be strong enough to bear. It is said that the O'Connor band has not been driven from its occupation of the Law Courts in Dublin for fear that the rebels should destroy the law reports. But it might be better to lose the law reports than the idea and the practice of law in Ireland.

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THE Genoa Conference, in the middle of the Russian negotiation, has occupied its time in a heated Anglo-French incident, which one can interpret only as a French attempt to throw the onus of any coming breach of the Entente upon Mr. Lloyd George. The substantial fact is that M. Barthou returned from Paris with explicit instructions to follow Belgium in her extremist attitude over the rights of foreign property-owners in Russia, and to withhold the adherence of France to the Memorandum already sent to the Russians. France, in other words, had already separated herself from her Allies, and if Russia had accepted the Memorandum without further parley, the result would have been that all Europe would have come to terms with her on this basis, leaving France

and Belgium outside the happy family. To this extent the Entente was already ruptured, and the Conference deprived of full success.

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VARIOUS reports, all from French sources, and all to much the same effect, appeared in Monday's papers. One came from the Havas Agency, which enjoys French official inspiration, and others from "Pertinax" and the more favored French correspondents. The most explicit and the most mischievous was from Mr. Wickham Steed, the editor of the "Times," who is at feud with the Foreign Office, and has, Mr. Austen Chamberlain suggests, taken up his residence in the hotel assigned to the French Delegation, content apparently to be and to seem a tool of French policy. He reported that Mr. George spoke with severity, and declared that the Entente was "at an end." Henceforth Britain was free to cultivate other friendships. His advisers had long been urging him to make an agreement with Germany. France had to choose between British and Belgian friendship, and she had opted for Belgium. Much advantage might it bring her! Hitherto he (Mr. George) had been almost the only friend France had in England, and even the Lord Chancellor had been constantly advising him to break with France. To all this, we are told, M. Barthou, though somewhat overwhelmed, returned a soothing answer. But he adhered to the substance of his position. France could not adopt the Note as it stands; moreover, a Russian refusal of it would end all discussion of the anti-aggression pact; further, France would discuss reparations with her Allies only after Germany had defaulted on May 31st.

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THIS astonishing telegram, rendered all the graver by the confirmation in the Havas message, at once produced a vehement denial from Mr. George himself at Genoa and from Mr. Chamberlain in Parliament. Mr. George even described the "Times" report as the ravings of a person insane with the desire to wreck the Conference. He procured from M. Barthou a denial of most of the "Times" message, in which M. Barthou acquits Mr. George of saying that the Entente was at an end, or that his advisers were pressing for an understanding with Germany. The passage about Belgium he did not repudiate. Moreover, to another "Times" correspondent M. Barthou did explicitly quote Mr. George as saying "We have come to the parting of the ways," and confirmed the remarks about Belgium. The reference to the Lord Chancellor was, we are now told, actually made by Mr. George, but to another French delegate and not to M. Barthou. The truth is, we imagine, that Mr. George did speak gravely and plainly, as the circumstances required, but in a tone of pleading or of warning, and certainly not of finality or of menace. If he referred to certain evidences of the alienation of British opinion from France, it may have been because the French hug the delusion that Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Steed are typical English politicians.

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THE Russians have wisely taken their time to draft their reply to the Genoa Memorandum, and it is a document which makes it easy to continue the discussion. They take strong exception only to two portions of the

Memorandum—to certain portions of the first clause, which dealt with propaganda, and incidentally required them to break their close association with the Angora Turks, and to the contentious Clause VII., which defines the claims of the former foreign owners of property in Russia. Their proposal as to this last clause is that it should be referred to a Committee of Experts. This seems the natural way of dealing with a matter that turns on detail and precise definition. No expert, hardly even a French expert, could deny the general right of the State to expropriate land-owners, subject to some kind of compensation. M. Chicherin has here put in a well-aimed blow by recalling to the French their own rough dealings with landed property during the Revolution, and their failure to restore or compensate the owners after it. The reference to a Committee may also be intended to allow the French to continue to share in the work of the Conference, though they can hardly consent to any further weakening of Clause VII., since it goes already further in the Russian direction than they are prepared to go. But the method suggested avoids an immediate break-up of the Conference, and skilfully throws the onus of it upon the French if they should refuse to join the Committee.

THE main burden of the Russian reply is, however, that they renew their request for a direct loan, and mention the rather high figure of £200,000,000. They cannot go back to Moscow with empty hands, after conceding points which Communist opinion can regard only as deplorable surrenders. Moreover, if they are to face the prospect of paying interest on the Tsarist debt ten years hence, they must begin the work of restoration at once, and carry it through at high speed. Now the only chance of rapid restoration is in an immediate loan. Assume (a rather big assumption) that the proposed Financial Consortium and the British Trade Credit scheme enable them to obtain some of the railway material and machinery which they urgently require. They will still require for the Volga valley, to mention only one of their most urgent needs, great quantities of live-stock, seed, and possibly further supplies of food. This they cannot get from British industries. Their chance of raising a private loan in any foreign market is, we should say, absolutely nil without full recognition, and almost nil even with recognition. The City never lends if there is a resolute minority opposed to a loan. A considerable and influential minority can always destroy any tendency to lend to an unpopular borrower. A Government loan is, therefore, necessary, if only to open the door and create confidence. Such a sum as Moscow asks may be unnecessary for this purpose. Perhaps £50,000,000 would suffice, or even half that sum. But some loan is necessary to create confidence.

As we write the Conference seems to have taken a slightly more hopeful tone. According to the "Manchester Guardian" the Belgians are disposed to modify their adherence to the extreme French doctrine of property in Russia. In that case M. Poincaré will be a Die-Hard by himself. In any event, a French or Franco-Belgian withdrawal is not to stop the Conference. Mr. George will carry on, and with that purpose has already placed on the table the minor problems of Eastern and East European settlement—Armenia, Turkey, Bulgaria, Hungary, Lithuania, East Galicia—all of which are open questions. This is a challenge to the Powers, and incidentally to France, to bring Eastern Europe back to equilibrium, or to allow her to drift into nationalist and factionist war. If the Russians are

reasonable, therefore, the Conference may go on. But there is still the problem of the anarchism of France. What if in the meanwhile she invades the Ruhr?

AN unpleasant smell of oil continues to pervade Genoa. But it is now clear from the document published by "L'Information" and reproduced by the "Manchester Guardian," that the story of the grant of a monopoly of the whole of the Baku and Grozny oilfields to the Shell group was a mystification. The document is, in any event, only a draft of a possible agreement, and it has no direct reference whatever to concessions for working the oilfields. It is entirely consistent with Mr. Krassin's statement that Russia wishes to divide the field into about four sections, one of which she will work herself. The draft agreement is merely for the purpose of constituting a foreign sale agency for the disposal of Russia's oil surplus abroad. To understand it, one must bear in mind the general principle of the Soviet Republic that it retains a monopoly of all foreign trade. It may, of course, concede agencies to foreign firms, which in this instance it evidently did contemplate. This has no direct bearing on the ownership rights of the former concession holders, though we hardly suppose that the Standard Trust (which acquired the Nobel interests at Baku) would regard it with favor. The French, though they are very largely interested in the Shell and Royal Dutch Companies, and though their direct holding in Baku was almost negligible, are deeply excited by Mr. George's supposed dealings with oil. Their aim is plainly to arouse American resentment. We do not think it reasonable that Russia should be forbidden to work or to lease oilwells which foreign interests have abandoned. But to this extreme degree of deference towards the Standard Trust Mr. George has assented. It was a generous—even a reckless—concession at Russia's expense.

THE "civil war" in China is already virtually at an end, having lasted at the outside three weeks. General Wu-pei-fu showed himself, as he has done before, by far the most skilful Chinese soldier, and after some very swift and apparently scientific operations, scattered the Northern Army under Viceroy Chang-tso-lin in abject flight. The killing was on a moderate scale, and both sides were wise enough not to provoke foreigners. Sundry operations to clear the country have yet to be completed, but General Wu has already nominated a new Premier in Peking, and will presumably depose Chang from his Viceregal office in Manchuria, though this may involve complications with Japan, whose tool he was. It remains to be seen what will happen to Dr. Sun-yat-sen and the forces of the Canton Government. Unluckily for himself and for his reputation, Dr. Sun joined with Viceroy Chang and the Manchurian Party, but moved too slowly to give them effective support. We trust that this "war" also will be as promptly ended, preferably by diplomatic means.

WE know too little about any of these generals to express a decided opinion. General Wu is a man of evident capacity and some modern education. If he succeeds in unifying China, that itself is a great gain. He may be trusted to dissolve the various provincial "armies" which eat up the revenue and terrorize the country, and even if he has to maintain a well-found army of his own to do it, the net result may be a great reduction in the burdens of militarism. If he can secure unity and economy in administration, he should find it



comparatively easy to raise the loan which China needs, and to take advantage of the favorable though contingent provisions of the Washington Treaty. He proposes to restore Parliamentary government, but whether this would be a mere formality under the shadow of his own disguised military dictatorship, we have no means of judging. The next big issue will be, to what extent he can come to terms with the independent South. Both stand for modern and progressive ideas, but General Wu, we take it, stands on the whole for a strong central authority, and Dr. Sun for federalism. The two ideas are not necessarily incompatible, though the two men are unfortunately somewhat embittered opponents.

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SIR ERIC GEDDES spoke to the Sheffield Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday strongly defending the economies suggested by his Committee. Most notably, he insisted on the need for carrying out the recommendations which relate to the Navy and education. Few people will object to further naval reductions; but the education economies proceed more rapidly than Sir Eric probably knows. Committees have already been appointed to deal with teachers' superannuation and the revision of the percentage grant system. In all probability effect will be given to them both. The latter change will have a lamentable effect upon the less progressive authorities, and it will probably cut off the more advanced activities of those Councils which understand something of the need for an educated democracy. If Mr. Fisher desires economy, there are many more admirable avenues in his own department. The consolidation and simplifying of the ten or eleven different forms of grant would yield a real economy of administration. The complications of the present "average attendance" basis only irritate the teacher and multiply calculations in Whitehall. What is wanted is to give the L.E.A. a lump sum in proportion to its total expenditure upon this service, with a corrected addition in proportion to its poverty. The new system will do nothing to this end; and when, in urging it, Sir Eric Geddes insists on his belief in education, one can only pray for deliverance from the eye of faith.

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THE monthly meeting of the Joint Wages Board for the coal industry announces a further reduction in the rates for Lancashire and Cheshire. This new drop brings the scale down to a point only 42 per cent. above the rate of 1911, and, therefore, some 50 per cent. below the relative increase in the cost of living. But the reduction itself does not tell the whole story. Many of the men are unemployed; more still are working only three days a week; and so acute is the distress that owners combined with men to ask the Board of Trade to allocate part of the Welfare Fund to relief work; but the Board was compelled, on legal grounds, to refuse. From Durham and South Wales come similar accounts. But the case of Lancashire is particularly noteworthy because here, the German mark apart, the bad position of the industry is chiefly due to competition from the pits of Derby and Yorkshire. The men, in other words, are the victims of a refusal to unify control which long ago the Sankey Commission declared to be fundamental. Sir A. Nimmo recently said that the coal industry was approaching an economic basis. That may be true from the standpoint of the owners; from the standpoint of the men the result is slow starvation on the one hand, and a legacy of bitter hatred upon the other. The owners are triumphant now; but the first great revival of demand will mean the rebuilding of the Federation. That effected, there will be another struggle in the coal industry. The owners will only have themselves to thank.

ONLY the event can show whether Sir Allan Smith really meant what he said in his closing speech at the inquiry of the Industrial Court into the engineering lock-out dispute. He declared, in effect, that whatever the Court might say or do would make no difference to the settlement, which would have to be reached some time or other by the parties to the quarrel meeting together in the ordinary way. As if to prepare the public for a refusal to act on the report if it should prove favorable to the men, Sir Allan actually suggested that the inquiry had made a settlement harder because of the "vituperation" and "innuendo" which, he said, had marked the proceedings. This characteristic exaggeration of the restrained criticism of the employers by the men's leaders was on a level with Sir Allan Smith's general account of the causes of the dispute. It is credibly reported that many firms in the Engineering Employers' Federation are perturbed at the consequences of the policy and methods of their lawyer-chairman, and that unless the dispute is speedily settled there may be secessions.

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THE inquiry itself cannot be described as exhaustive, and the refusal of Sir Allan Smith to call witnesses gave Sir William Mackenzie some anxiety lest he should lack material for his report. The various speeches and the evidence given for the men brought out clearly some important points, while leaving others obscure. On Sir Allan Smith's own showing the dispute arose originally out of a simple question of the interpretation of an overtime agreement, which limited the amount to be worked to thirty hours per month. The Amalgamated Engineering Union claimed afterwards that the agreement implied the right of the union to a voice in deciding whether or not overtime was necessary in any specific instance. The employers denied this, and contended that within the thirty hours' limit an employer could order overtime without question. Negotiations broke down, and if the employers had declared a lock-out on this issue alone their action could at least have been understood. But they allowed the thing to drift for five months, and then suddenly discovered that the A.E.U. intended to alter the whole basis of industry. Having developed a quarrel on these lines they just as suddenly confronted all the other unions in the industry with new demands, ignored the fact that entirely peaceful relations had been maintained with these workers, and gave them a seven days' ultimatum. If a European statesman had acted thus, the world's opinion would have fixed him as a deliberate war-maker.

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THE problem of the future Government of Rhodesia is reopening old questions regarding the Charter which was granted to Mr. Rhodes by Queen Victoria without Parliamentary sanction. It is proposed once more to fall back on the Royal Prerogative to grant responsible government to the settlers. But as only 6,765 people, including women, voted at the 1920 elections in Rhodesia, it is a serious step to place some 770,000 natives in charge of the new Legislative Assembly without an Act of Parliament. Moreover, it seems doubtful whether such an Assembly will be able to tax the natives. Indeed, the South African Courts have just decided that an Ordinance of the Transvaal Provincial Council imposing taxes on them is *ultra vires*. In other words, it goes beyond the South Africa Act of 1909—the Charter of South African freedom—and the taxes cannot be collected. The case in the Transvaal Courts turned largely on the very just and necessary provisions inserted in that Act for the protection of the native population.

## Politics and Affairs.

### THE END OF THE ENTENTE.

THE Genoa Conference has raised, as it was meant to raise, the whole issue of the future political structure of Europe. The real objection to the angry controversies of this week is that they obscure this bigger issue. What precise words Mr. Lloyd George used to M. Barthou, and how far Mr. Wickham Steed, writing in the midst of the exclusively French environment which the editor of the presumably English "Times" so strangely affects, distorted or colored them, are matters of secondary importance. It is clear that this Franco-British report was, as Mr. George characterized it, a malicious one. But the fact surely is that our relationship with France is passing through a phase of transition. It cannot and ought not to be after Genoa what it ostensibly was before it. The Conference aimed, if we understand anything of its purpose, at creating a new relationship which should knit together the whole of Europe. If it were to succeed, there would be an end of the old distinction between allies, enemies, and neutrals. Germany and Russia were to enter on equal terms. That involves the abolition of the Supreme Council, and the creation of a Concert of Europe, which obviously must be fused with an expanded League of Nations.

To say all this, and to maintain that the Entente was to survive unmodified, is flagrant nonsense. That a sentiment of special cordiality, based on past ties and experiences, might survive between ourselves and the French, is another matter altogether. This sentiment, to speak plainly, exists on neither side to-day. It would be restored if France entered gladly and loyally into the new conception of a European policy of peace and restoration. But it would be a sentiment; and nothing more concrete, though nothing more influential, than such a sentiment could well exist. But it could not and ought not to be a system by which the two Powers in alliance attempt to govern Europe. Genoa, then, if it were to succeed, would mean the end of the Entente as a political system, though it would also restore it as a human and informal relationship. It was, indeed, part of Mr. George's purpose to give to France and also to Belgium an undertaking to aid them in the event of an unprovoked attack upon them from the East. That is, to our thinking, an unfortunate and retrograde policy. But in the mind of its author it was part of a larger scheme to penalize all unprovoked attacks. Under this wider pact Germany, Russia, and the neutrals were to receive somewhat similar assurances. So that even in the narrowly military sense the Entente would have become an item in a general and mutual system of European insurance against aggression.

On the other hand, if the Conference should fail (as it manifestly is failing) by reason of the refusal of France to share in its central purpose, it is impossible that the Entente, in any form whatever, should survive. The Supreme Council will be unworkable. The defensive pact with France will not be concluded. The sentimental bond, which survives to-day merely in the form of regret for a once living feeling, will have been shattered beyond any early repair. There will, of course, be the usual recriminations between politicians on both sides, to evade responsibility for this painful result. The fact, as we see it, is that France has in the lawyer's sense a good case, but in morals and economics a very bad one. She secured the assent of Mr. George, and indeed of the British electorate in 1918, to a peace which was designed

to perpetuate the exorbitant claims of the victors to control and exploit the vanquished. The same people joined with her in her war upon Socialist Russia. She has not exceeded her "rights" under the Treaties, though she has interpreted them with iron stiffness, and she may with justice complain that British statesmen in general and Mr. George in particular are now asking her to give up pretensions and claims which they allowed in the so-called peace settlement. Our electorate in the interval has become sane. It has realized the immense disaster of this settlement to Europe and to itself. It would prefer to revise it with the assent of France. But if France remains obstinately rooted in the past, this country must, under the imperious law of self-preservation, go forward to such readjustments as may be possible without a literal revision of the Treaties. No treaty obligations to France tie our hands in dealing with Russia, and though we cannot of our own motion alter the position of Germany under the Treaty of Versailles, we shall take no active part in further bullyings and coercions, and we shall hold ourselves free to enter into a helpful and friendly relation with her. In particular, we see no harm, but rather much good, in her close economic association with Russia. It matters not a great deal whether Mr. George really said all this to M. Barthou. It matters more if he said it in the provocative terms reported in the Steed-Pertinax-Havas version. But if it was said, it was the plain truth, though its final expression in British policy may quite possibly come from a statesman whose signature is not to be found under the Treaty of Versailles.

If the Entente means, as we suppose it does, primarily a disposition, though scarcely an obligation, to act together in the main issues of European policy, it is manifestly breaking down, and has been in that uncomfortable state for a very long time. France broke away from it palpably in her separate treaty with the Angora Turks. She took her own isolated line at Washington. To-day the "parting of the ways," to which Mr. George is charged with alluding, opens out in two directions. The more important, though the less immediately urgent of them, relates to Germany. She cannot give effect to the impossible demands with which the Reparations Commission has confronted her, and her default will be formal on the last day of this month. M. Poincaré has threatened forcible action, evidently the military occupation of the Ruhr coalfield, and he has plainly said that France intends to act, if necessary, alone. Worse than this, he has refused Mr. George's invitation to an Allied Conference before the fatal date, to discover a pacific solution for the whole problem of debts and reparations. He is ready to confer only after May 31st, plainly because the actual fact of Germany's default will make it easier to propose a military solution of the crisis, and harder to arrive at an arrangement by consent. It comes to this, that France will coerce her Allies by the threat of making war on Germany, for an invasion is war, even if it is not resisted. We should say in this case that M. Poincaré's threat of isolated action of itself amounted to one month's notice to terminate the Entente. If he adheres to it, we shall certainly accept his notice. In no circumstances would British public opinion tolerate our participation in this brutal aggression.

The other crucial test is in our joint dealings with Russia. To the mind of the distant observer, this test has already operated. A memorandum has been sent to the Russians to which Britain, Italy, the Little Entente, and the Neutrals have adhered. It lacks the signatures or the approval of France and Belgium. They dissent



only on one clause, but they have chosen to take their stand on a claim which Russia cannot possibly concede. It may have been clever political tactics to assent to most of the memorandum. It looked like giving proof of a conciliatory disposition, but the French and the Belgians knew perfectly well what they were doing when they demanded absolute restitution of foreign property. That one demand sufficed to nullify all their other concessions. The Russians cannot accept the memorandum as it stands. The French do not accept it as it stands. We fail to see that they have rightly any part in further deliberations with the Russians. The practical question is now whether we shall go forward with the Italians and the rest of the Conference to consider whether the remaining differences between the Russians and ourselves can be bridged. That may be to ignore the Entente, but it will not be the first time, and it involves no more startling a departure from it than the existing British and Italian Trade Agreements with Russia, or the French Treaty with the Turks. We cannot, in making up our minds, ignore the impression that the French disapproved the Genoa policy from the start, dismissed M. Briand with the evident intention of frustrating it, and chose to take their stand on this question of property for the same reason.

The debate which they have raised over the sanctity of property strikes us as unreal and insincere. No European State does, in fact, treat landed property as inviolable. It is nationalized every day for public purposes, civil as well as military. Even Conservatives in this country, though they would not admit the expediency of nationalizing, say, coal-mines under compulsion, would not dispute the right of the State to do it. It is idle then to dispute the right of the Soviets to nationalize oil-fields, or mines, or other foreign ventures in Russia, and the demand that foreigners shall be restored to their full rights of ownership is utterly untenable. The only legitimate demand is for compensation. Even that is not too easy to define. The Russians have done what the French also did at their Revolution: they have confiscated land without compensation. Now whatever our views may be of that transaction, and whatever views the French may now hold after enjoying the fruits of a similar confiscation at home, it is useless to demand a reversal of the Revolution, and barely possible to ask that the Russian Republic shall apply one conception of property to natives and another to foreigners. The case, we think, must be put in another way. Russia wants help from foreign capital. She must in one way or another arrange, as a condition of any tolerable relation in the future, that its immense sense of grievance should be removed. Foreigners cannot ask to be indemnified for all the losses of these years of war, blockade, and civil war. Many of them did their utmost to aggravate these losses, and even had there been no confiscation, their properties, which were depreciating even before the November Revolution, would have continued to lose value. The reasonable form of compensation is either that the former owner should receive a long lease on favorable terms, or else that he should be paid with shares in enterprises which are prepared to work under the new conditions. If Russia recovers, these shares may come to be very valuable: in such proportion as she does recover they will have value. In other words, Russia will compensate foreigners in some relation to her own ability. If she is destined to hopeless bankruptcy, their property, however absolute, would

be worthless. A mine is worth nothing if the railway that leads to it is not working. Property, in short, especially property in land, has no absolute value, but only a value conditioned by the activities and capacities of the society in which it is located.

The Russian answer, of which the text is not yet before us, is bound to raise innumerable issues of theory and practice. The only sane way to treat it is to ignore theory, and to aim at a practical agreement, which will give to Russia her chance of recovery, and to foreigners who will help her loyally, an opportunity of sharing in the prosperity which they help to create. We adhere to our view that without some form of State credit or guarantee, her recovery will be slow. Every delay is to be regretted. An adjournment of the Conference would be a victory for the wreckers, and a bad preparation for the still graver conflict which will come over the Ruhr. On neither issue can we allow sentiment to destroy the work of European restoration.

### A RESCUE AND A MORAL.

We are glad to know that the "Daily Herald" is to have, first, a rather restricted life at the absurd price of twopence, and then a guaranteed existence, with the resources of trade unionism and political Labor at its back. We presume that the General Council of the Trade Union Congress and the Executive of the Labor Party are able to pledge the workmen and workwomen of Great Britain to this modest extent. If they are not, the Labor movement is hardly worth reckoning with. It now commands, on a precarious lease, the energies of a single daily newspaper circulating, we suppose, over 200,000 copies. The Social Democratic Party of Germany has ninety-three such papers, with a circulation of 1,800,000. The aggregate circulation of the local trade union Press alone in Germany, says Mr. Angell, was over 2,500,000 a week before the war, and can hardly have suffered a conspicuous decline. In Great Britain such suffrages as these are mainly, we suppose, at the disposal of the Northcliffe or the Hulton Press. Now the Labor Party is a candidate for the heirship of the Liberal estate. But Liberalism in its prime was built upon what, take it for all in all, was the best journalism, daily and weekly, in contemporary Europe. Labor cannot hope to attain the habit of political thought and the instinct of political action without the intellectual training and the practical direction a daily journal affords. The salvage of the "Herald" is for the Labor movement an effort to save itself.

The peril of the "Daily Herald," and the now successful effort of rescue, is only one aspect of the dangerous life that fighting journalism leads in these material times. We have repeatedly warned the more serious Press of this country that its indifference to the culture of opinion, its neglect of Parliament, and the general frivolousness of its appeal, were factors in the decline of progressive thought which no superficial turn of the electoral tide would finally arrest. Now a further step has been taken on the precipitate path to the decline and final loss of the intellectual and spiritual force of British journalism. That is the rush to insurance. It has its excuses. The new fetish of daily journalism is circulation by the hundred thousand; its aim the attraction of the big advertiser. That point of blessedness once reached, all seems secure—all, let us say, but the historic function of the Press, its interpretative and directing power. But the effect of substituting for the old attachment of ideas

between a journal and its readers a new tie, dependent purely on a speculative financial interest, gravely weakens the bond of sympathy, while it strengthens the new and powerful assault of the "stunt" Press. As things stand, Lord Northcliffe is rapidly approaching his ideal of a monopoly of the British Press. He is the only man of genius that the "new journalism" has produced, and his wealth and ambition point him hour by hour fresh

paths of encroachment on his feeble rivals. The new insurance boom suits him to a T. But it marks a stage in the disintegration of the political newspaper. To imitate him is merely to destroy distinction, and to constitute the rest of the Press a train of jackals, pressing humbly on the footsteps of the giant provider. That may be an immediate way of livelihood; it is most emphatically not a means of health or of salvation.

## THE MIND OF THE INDIAN NATIVE STATE—II.\*

(BY OUR INDIAN CORRESPONDENT.)

THE rulers are kept in touch with criticism by their agents, but the measures they take against it are mainly negative. They particularly dislike being criticized by British India newspapers, and have begged the Government of India to strengthen the Press Act in their favor. They desire to be immune to the extent that the King-Emperor is immune, although they have no status in British India, and consequently no claim to special protection. With more right, if no more wisdom, they sometimes take matters into their own hands, and forbid peccant newspapers to be read in their dominions. Such a censorship is too complicated to be worked. One State may prohibit the "Bombay Chronicle," while its neighbor is indifferent, and the territories of the two States may be peppered in and out of one another so that the road passes to and fro and back again every few miles, and there may be a railway station, close to them both and situated in British India, where the "Chronicle" can be bought freely. Hitherto the extremists have attempted no serious propaganda in the Native States, but if an attack comes, the rulers will be in the same difficulty as they are over the newspapers.

There is, of course, another line of defence, and the more intelligent adopt it: to fortify themselves by internal reforms, by spreading education, and by granting Constitutions. But let no one suppose that they adopt it with enthusiasm, or will carry out more changes than are imperative. If the menace from British India subsides, they will return to their old ways. Some of them may like to have an efficient system of administration, or to be surrounded by cultivated men, but these no more than the others wish power to pass out of their own hands. Mysore and Baroda are the two most "progressive" States, but the Constitution in the former and education in the latter are both said to be of the nature of decorations—showy exhibits that flower in the capital, but have no roots in the country districts. An education that frees the mind, a Constitution that gives effect to such freedom, can never be tolerated by a man who believes in autocracy and possibly thinks it divine.

During the recent visit of the Prince of Wales, several Constitutions burst into sudden bloom. The Maharajah of Gwalior—a clever investor and hard worker, and from that point of view the most modern of the Princes—produced a specimen, and his neighbor, the aged Begum of Bhopal, held out another. It may be of interest briefly to examine one such Constitution as a sample of the crop. We may learn a little more from it about the external problems that occupy the Princes, and a little about their internal difficulties also. Trained in Western history, we tend to assume that a Prince is a lonely despot whose word is law, and our knowledge of the particular acts of Princes seems to confirm this: they can make or break an individual subject. But they cannot make or break a

class. Aged, and often sacred, traditions prevent them, and something more tangible than traditions—the land. Land binds all the members of the State together, from the laborer to the ruler. Every class has its share in it, and one class—the hereditary nobles—will be even more averse than the ruler to reform, and he will have to consider their feelings even when he does not wish to, because he can no more get rid of them and replace them by more enlightened men than he could turn the hills they own into valleys. He must live with them, for better or worse.

The Constitution that we will examine was promulgated last January. The State in question is quite small (income about seven lakhs, area about 450 square miles), but notable owing to the high character and ability of its ruler. The preamble to the Constitution implies that there is no demand for reforms, indeed the contrary, but the ruler thinks fit to anticipate the wishes of his subjects in the matter, since a demand is bound to come. He recognizes six main factors in his State: the two most important are himself and his relatives (the Ruling House); then come the nobles, the officials, the townsmen, the villagers. These six factors are provided for in a tripartite Constitution consisting of the Ruler, a State Council of six, and a Representative Assembly of about sixty.

The composition of the Representative Assembly is more remarkable than its powers. It includes one official to represent the Ruler, one member of the Ruling House, 20 nobles of various grades (total number of nobles in the State being about 80), 21 officials, 8 members elected by the towns (each representing 2,000 electors), and 15 village members (each representing 4,000 electors). It has no executive or legislative power, and though it may send up suggestions to the State Council, that body is not obliged to discuss them. It may ask the Council questions, provided that the question does not criticize the Ruler or any member of the Ruling House; such a question can only be asked when the Assembly is unanimous on the point, and if we glance back at its composition we see that unanimity is unlikely to occur. It may act as a referee when there is a dispute between the Ruler and the Council, but, as we shall see, such a dispute is unlikely to occur. The town and the village members in it each co-opt one of their group to be a member of the Council.

The Council consists of one member nominated by the Ruler, one member of the Ruling House, one noble, one nominated official, and the two town and village members co-opted from the Assembly. The Council is a legislative body, all real legislation requiring the assent of the Ruler. It also has executive powers, the Ruler distributing the Portfolios among its six members.

The Ruler is "the fountain of all the power in the State," and he retains all powers that he does not expressly delegate. The annual grant for his household

\* Part I. appeared in our issue of April 29th.



expenditure is fixed, but he can get an extraordinary grant for any special occasion, provided that two-thirds of the Council agree.

Such are the chief provisions of our sample Constitution. We may sum them up by saying that the Assembly is negligible, and that two-thirds of the members of the Council are dependent on the Ruler's favor, and so unlikely to withstand him on any vital point. We may even say as much about those modest heralds of democracy the town and village members. They are after all not to be elected! A final clause enacts that for the first five years all the members both of the Assembly and the Council shall be nominated, not elected, since the population is not yet sufficiently educated to work the Constitution! We are not told what steps will be taken to educate it. The whole document is from the Western and the British Indian point of view as unreal as a Dessera budget, but this does not mean that it is unstatesmanlike. On the contrary, it is a clever move. When the extremist campaign begins, those rulers who can point to a Constitution will be in a stronger position than those who can't. They will have a framework into which they can introduce realities without compromising their dignity. And any change, however trifling, is to be welcomed which lessens the gulf between the States and the rest of India—a gulf which sometimes seems even more menacing than that which divides Indians from Europeans.

History is full of ironies, and it is strange to reflect that those parts of India which the British deprived of independence are now the most independent. Not only is the individual safer and freer in them, but he has, if he chooses to take it, a greater share of political power. He may hate the British and have good reason for doing so, but he would not exchange their yoke for an Indian Prince's; so that the Native States can only be enlarged or re-created if the principle of self-determination is ignored. A few years ago there was question of restoring to Indore a small district populated by Bhils. Someone thought of asking the Bhils what they would like, and they implored to be left as they were. Satara and Berar would answer likewise. An alliance between the British and the Princes against the rest of India could only lead to universal disaster, yet there are people on both sides who are foolish enough to want it.

So long as his subjects are uneducated peasants, a Prince is in a strong position from every point of view. They revere him with the old Indian loyalty, and a glimpse of his half-divine figure brings poetry into their lives. And he understands them even when he is indifferent or unjust, because like them he is rooted in the soil. He has an instinctive knowledge which no amount of training or study can give. If he takes too much of their money or imprisons their bodies without a trial, they are pained but not outraged; he is no more incomprehensible to them than a hostile sky. But his instinctive knowledge only works so long as their obedience is also instinctive. As soon as they feel the impulse of the outside world which believes in, or at all events talks about, principles and duties and rights, the spell breaks and they begin to question. The troubles which overtook the Nawab of Tonk and the Maharana of Udaipur last year, and which threaten other rulers, need not be ascribed to Non-Co-operative agitators. Non-Co-operation is only one aspect of a wider tendency that envelops not India in particular but all the globe—the tendency to question and to protest. The Maharana of Udaipur is the premier prince of Rajputana and a semi-sacred figure, yet an armed mob of his subjects besieged him because the extortions of his officials wearied

them. It was nothing to them that during the Dessera he owned the whole of India. He fled to one of his island-palaces in disarray, and was obliged to delegate his powers to his son. The matter was tidied up, and Udaipur was duly visited by the Prince of Wales. But the immemorial majesty of its dynasty has been outraged, more fatally than when it withdrew from Chitor before the advancing Moghul armies. A new spirit has entered India. Would that I could conclude with a eulogy of it! But that must be left to writers who can see into the future and who know in what human happiness consists.

## A London Diary.

LONDON, THURSDAY.

I HAVE the pleasure to acknowledge a noble gift of £500 to the Russian Relief Fund, sent me by a public man of eminence.

I SUPPOSE when a Prime Minister finds the editor of a powerful paper installed with the representatives of a foreign Power, and directing from that fortress a stream of poison gas on his policy, he has at least a right of protest. He might claim a title to something more. But does anyone pay much attention to the foreign policy of the "Times"? Its fanaticism, its humorless monotony, and its personal bias must eventually prove their own cure. They inflict too great a strain on its readers' patience. An earlier obsession of Printing House Square brought it to the very brink of ruin. If I were Lord Northcliffe I should remember Pigott. For the "Times" is on dangerous ground. I have spent more years in journalism than I care to remember, but I have never yet known a paper which set up its standard in a foreign camp with such audacity as the "Times," and for so doubtful a political end. Mr. George has made mistakes in his European policy, whose connection with its existing plight is clear enough. But if he was far from being the saving force of Versailles, he was not its evil genius, and if he now tries to keep French violence in bounds, his act measures the moral advance of Europe since the war, and reflects the country's sense of its own well-being. Lord Northcliffe and his strange new editor choose to dog this policy of peace from European capital to capital in order to destroy it. But one very clever man and another very unwise one, make two. There are forty-two millions who have something to say on the other side.

THE tactics of the "Times" are, indeed, obvious. The Entente is to be set up again by exhibiting Mr. George as the accomplice of the Reds, the betrayer of France into the hands of the German Ogre. He will be hurled from power, and a true friend of France, a devotional follower of St. Louis and the Oriflamme of reaction, installed in his stead. But that is a machination of children. I cannot think of an English statesman of any political stamp or personal quality whose point of view about France differs essentially from Mr. George's. Expression, temper, might, no doubt, be more adroit. But, after all, these gentlemen have not been kept awake, week after week, month after month, by the rattle of French drums and the clashing of French bayonets. To-day it is the sabotage of Genoa.

To-morrow it is the march to the Ruhr; the day after the procession to Berlin, with only, as Marshal Foch said the other day, a few "incidents of police" on the way. What will happen in that new French war? Not a sane Englishman would stir hand in it; not one British regiment would march. And in such a mood we should have to await the inevitable happenings of the campaign. There is no such thing as sense or moderation in war. British merchants, all sorts of British subject, every type of British interest, would soon be in danger of arrest or damage. Are these Gallicans of Printing House Square prepared to push their French friends into such an enterprise? It may or may not be true that at Genoa the French representatives repudiate Mr. Steed's championship, and ask to be delivered from so maladroit a friend. But will France take the "Times" as a sound mentor of British opinion? She will be well advised to accept all such goods at a heavy discount.

As for the psychology of the incident, it is not hard to follow. Mr. Steed's pen worked congenially with that of "Pertinax" and the Havas Agency. No effort was spared to sabotage the Conference; but the final touch of artistry belongs, I am sure, to the French collaboration. What could be better than for Genoa to break up in confusion, and for France to be able to say that Mr. George destroyed his own handiwork? That the British statesman wanted the Conference to succeed, and that he must have known there was no quicker way to break it up than by denouncing the Entente, was doubtless a difficulty in the way. But the strain on him had been considerable, and it would not have been surprising if he had thrown out a hot word or two over the Barthou-Poincaré fashion of dealing with him. A returned visitor from Genoa assured me that the French delegation treated Mr. George with scant courtesy. A meeting with M. Barthou had been arranged for the morning of the fateful day. Mr. George waited all the forenoon, but M. Barthou neither came nor sent a message. In the afternoon the Prime Minister was informed that M. Barthou would see him at four. In fact, he did not arrive till five, and then brought the unwelcome tidings that France intended to stand with Belgium. I think Mr. George might have been excused had his tone been one of anger. In fact, the witnesses agree that his answer was a sorrowful remonstrance, such as only a Turveydrop could have blamed. If Mr. George said that the Entente was in danger, he said what was obviously true. That he went on to threaten a German alliance is not credible in face of M. Barthou's denial; it was a backstroke of malice which colored the whole picture.

REGARDING the Russians, my friend declared that they were reasonable. Their main point was not to go back to Russia having given away the whole theory of a Communist State, or a Socialist one either, and got in return only a bundle of vague promises. They wanted a loan or definite credits—they were not particular which. But they would not lightly close the negotiation; for they recognized that they would have to pay for Western help, and that if no security was given of good faith as to the past, and a reasonable investment for the future, it would be withdrawn or would dwindle away. They were able men; and they reacted fairly to the first dose of common sense and tolerably sympathetic dealing that Western statesmanship dealt out to them.

I SPEAK with reluctance about Ireland, but Irishmen are my witnesses when I say that half of what goes on

is not known or realized here. The three missing British officers are still unaccounted for, and their murder is feared, though not known. The cruel slaying of men of the R.I.C., long after their work for the Union was over, is not doubtful at all. A public man who makes a speech even mildly resentful of the terrorism of gangs of debased boys, does so at the risk of having his house burned over his head. Excuse was earlier made for the inaction of the Provisional Government, but it halts over the story of a sham battle like that of Limerick, ending in the easy rout of the "rebels." Is Mr. Childers's impertinent intervention a thing with which governing Ireland fears to deal? And is no firmness to be shown to Mr. Rory O'Connor—a man of no weight of character—and his band? Industrially and politically Ireland suffers terribly—with American sympathy all but gone; trade perishing; banking paralyzed—for the managers fear to keep cash at their branches; the name and fame of the country wilting miserably away. And all the while Ireland is in the hands of Irishmen to do exactly as they will with her, England neither caring nor daring to say them nay.

I AM glad that Mr. Shaw has so far modified his old proposal to "do in" the hopeless criminal, and given us the alternative of painless seclusion. Certainly I "opt" for Mr. Shaw's second choice. Not that I think the Right to Life should be stretched to cover the wild beast among men, who exists only to abuse its privileges. Only, I am still less enamored of the Right to Kill. And I should be slow to trust any State, least of all a modern one, to exercise it through a Home Office Committee. If it be an unnatural instinct which makes the executioner an object of horror in the community (in Pagan Rome no less than in Christian Europe), it is an almost universal one; and though I adore the Permanent Official, I adore him a little less than usual in the mask and robes of the Vehmgericht. Relieved of its original blot (for very little of it is left) Mr. Shaw's indictment of the prison system is a noble effort of reason and feeling, and I commend it to the conscience of the country.

ONE wandered a little disconsolately through Burlington House (new style) perhaps because one saw that the old art was being swept and garnished away, but that the new tenant had not arrived. There is more space, more cunning in the disposal of the pictures; a far better show for statuary; certainly a fast-rising level of accomplishment. But soul? Any clue to the meaning and power of art? Not a great deal, I thought. The landscapes seemed too mannered, too thoughtful; the portraits too superficial and too dead. Now and then one was amused, in the act of trying to escape from the faces of Sir Eric Geddes and Sir Henry Wilson, to light on the humor of Mr. Munnings, who escapes the travail of portraiture by hiding his sportsmen and their families in widespread landscapes, or interleaving them with lovely groups of dogs and horses. In much the same spirit Dickens wrote his famous essay on "Dogs Who Keep Men." And now and then one lit (in the smaller pictures) on work to which one turned and turned again. Such was Clausen's "Morning in November," and Mr. Cayley Robinson's "The Word." Both appealed to me for the concentration and stillness of their effect; their power of delineating the magical work of light over



the human face and figure, and on the surfaces of a wintering landscape.

SEAFARING is an expanding profession. The other day a great liner, equipped with all the modern necessities, including a palm court, well filled with the varied blooms that spring up in the Atlantic field, set out on her voyage to New York. The captain, ascending a gangway, met a venerable but unknown figure wearing the company's cap and uniform. "Are you of the ship's company, my man?" "I am, sir." "What is your rating?" pursued the astonished skipper. "Please, sir, I'm the ship's gardener," was the reply.

A WAYFARER.

## Life and Letters.

### THE COURAGE OF AGE.

"CONSIDERING the wings of love," said Mrs. Gamp of a bride and bridegroom; "considering the wings of love, they are late." Considering it was Sir James Barrie who made that admirable address to the University of St. Andrews, he seems to us to be a little behind time. The main theme of that address, so full of wit and pathos and adroit quotation, was Courage, and with his praise of Courage no one who has crossed the centre of life's arch would disagree. Courage is the very basis of all virtue. It is not so much a virtue in itself as the essential ingredient for every virtue that can be imagined. Without courage, everyone who lives must be accounted dead before mankind. To himself and to the world his soul lies already mouldering in the ground, and if his body goes marching on, it is inevitably backward that it marches. The new Rector of that ancient University described it as the staff upon life's journey, but it is far more than a staff. It is no mere aid and support to the traveller; it is the heart that goes all the way. Not always a merry heart, but the kind of heart that the English people have always called "stout." As Sir James Barrie said, "There is nothing else much worth speaking about to undergraduates or graduates or white-haired men and women. It is the lovely virtue—the rib of Himself that God sent down to His children."

Nothing could be better, unless it was the later quotation from Dr. Johnson that "Unless a man has that virtue, he has no security for preserving any other." Even the quaint comparison of the gift of courage with the creation of Eve has a charm, as though courage were after all a markedly feminine quality; as perhaps it is, for we see it most strongly developed in the females of all species when protecting their young. But the point we are a little uncertain about in the sentence quoted above from the address is the value of urging courage upon white-haired men and women. Anyone who has reached the white-haired stage may be expected to be chokefull of courage already, and it is no good adjuring him or her to replenish a stock that even now is overflowing. It is no more good than for poor England to weigh £25,000,000 or £50,000,000 more gold every year into the vaults of the Washington Treasury, already bursting with gold for which there is no room. Unless endowed with amazing courage, how could any man or woman have arrived at the enviable goal of white hairs? Think what courage the aged must necessarily have possessed to have struggled and scrambled through all the attendant perils of life—the dangers of helpless

childhood, the miseries, uncertainties, passions, and torments of youth, the toils of livelihood and hard labor, the anguish or anxieties of childbirth or fatherhood, the growing infirmities of bodily decay! And now they are fast approaching the greatest terror of all—the cavern where the "King of Terrors" lurks with inevitable spear. Yet they march on. Usually they look fairly cheerful. They assume a courage if they have it not, even as on the battlefield courage is assumed rather than possessed, and the brave are belauded for skill in dissembling fear. It surely cannot be the aged who need encouragement for courage. Where should we look for courage except among the white-haired, who have worried through, at all events alive, and have now so little left to risk?

Some years ago in these columns we welcomed the formation of a "League of Age," with its motto, "The Older the Bolder":—

"Grey hairs are the banner of adventure," we wrote, "the new white plume of Navarre; and the more we reflect on that truth the more natural it appears. We find caution in the young, and we must make all allowances for their case. With care they may possess a long and enviable future, full of joyful deeds. Unless they exercise their habitual prudence now, they may lose that inestimable possession. But for an old man's caution there can be neither pardon nor excuse. Year by year the old man and the middle-aged have less and less to lose, less and less that they need fear risking. In compensation for the irretrievable loss of youth, we confidently look to them for the elderly virtues of rashness, recklessness, and a certain splendor of generosity."

Sir James Barrie, on the other hand, recommends the formation of a "League of Youth":—

"You have more in common," he said, "with the Youth of other lands than Youth and Age can ever have with each other. Even the hostile countries sent out many a son very like ours, from the same sort of homes, the same sort of universities, with the same sort of hearts, who had as little to do as our Youth had with the origin of the great Adventure. Can we doubt that many of these on both sides who have gone over, and were once opponents, are now friends? You ought to have a League of Youth as your great practical beginning. I sound to myself as if I were advocating a rebellion."

But it was no rebellion in the ordinary sense that he was advocating. It was a rebellion of young caution against the courage of the old. The speaker himself half recognized this when he described the war as "the great Adventure." He admitted that Youth on both sides had little or nothing to do with its origin. It was Middle-Age and Old-Age that took their hoarded courage in both hands and launched out upon that Adventure. And what a wealth of courage it must have required! To plan, to plot, to diplomatize year after year just to bring about the most frightful catastrophe in the history of mankind! Year after year those middle-aged Emperors, Kings, Statesmen, Diplomats, and Generals grew older and bolder. Year after year they beheld more nearly and more clearly the ruin into which they were designing to plunge such happiness, comfort, and civility as the peoples of Europe had slowly acquired through centuries of effort. Year after year, and then week after week and day after day, they watched the moment draw closer when they would at a word condemn ten or twenty millions of the young to inevitable death before their time. Did they hesitate? Did they swerve or blench in face of that vast Adventure? Not one whit. The courage of Age maintained them. They safely relied upon that virtue which, unless a man has, he has no security for preserving any other. Without flinching for a second, they gave the word for war. Waving the white plume of hoary eld, they rushed to battle and glory. Or, perhaps, not exactly to glory; for Balzac

has told us "Glory is the sun of the dead," and nearly all those elderly braves survive to this hour.

The more we study the romantic Rector's address, the more clearly we perceive that it was caution rather than courage which he was inculcating as the natural and desirable quality for Youth to retain and exercise. Evidently he fears that Age is out again upon its ancient path of reckless heroism, and he calls upon Youth to catch the bridle and turn the charger round upon which our incurable old Knights Errant are pricking over the plain:—

"Begin by doubting all in high places," he says. "If it necessitates your pushing us out of our places, still push; you will find it needs some shoving. . . . Your Betters" (meaning the gallant old men) "have done a big thing; we have taken spring out of the year. . . . The spring of the year lies buried in the fields of France and elsewhere. By the time the next eruption comes it may be you who are responsible for it, and your sons who are in the lava. All perhaps because this year you let things slide.

"We" (the elderly gallants) "are nice and kindly people, but it is already evident that we are struggling back into the old grooves. We are too old for any others; that is the fundamental difference between us and you. We have no intention of giving you your share. Look around and see how much share Youth has now that the war is over. You got a handsome share while it lasted."

From that we gather that Age is past redemption. It will go on for ever spinning down its groove, not of change, but of time, and that groove is bloodstained with defiant animosity and reckless deeds. Sir James Barrie, in another part of his address, suggested that "a good subject for a Rectorial address would be the mess the Rector himself has made of life." We would add that a good subject for his League of Youth would be the mess that adventurous Age has made of the world. The new Rector warned his youthful audience to look to it that what they were doing was not merely toddling to a competency. We agree that such a route is unlikely to be distinguished; but for Youth to watch its Betters galloping with headlong courage into bankruptcy—might not that convey an equal warning?

One way or another, the world has had enough of these old men and their grooves. Unless we can shake off the damnable inheritance of their weary intriguing, their reckless improvidence, their flaunting defiance, their insatiable patriotism, and all the other Traditions of the Elders, the world is done. In literature we see a movement of prudent revolt even in our own country, and we could almost forgive "Free Verse" as a possible sign of it. In Germany the "Wandervogel" go singing as unfettered minstrels through the spring, shaking themselves free from the ancient castles and prisons of politics and blood.

It is to the good sense and prudence of Youth that we must look for hope. For indeed we are all sick of the romantic posturing and sanguinary adventures after which Middle-Age and Old-Age go a-whoring (if we may borrow a Biblical metaphor). Let Youth have courage, by all means, for without courage it cannot rid itself of the senile suspicions that haunt the present world, nor can it preserve its natural virtue of prudence. But we may hope that Youth will no longer allow itself to be escorted to the sacrifice by the big phrases and raucous incitements of old men who say among the trumpets in the Park, "Ha! Ha!" and smell the battle—afar off. Most old men are like that, unless, like Peter Pan, they have never grown up, and so have retained the salutary prudence of Youth.

### THE BEGINNING OF CRICKET.

"It'll be a tame season this summer," said somebody the other day; "no Australians here, no Test Matches, and English cricket in the dumps." Poor man, he was but an incomplete cricketer—only a cricketer down to the waist, as they say in "Iolanthe." As though the summer game were dependent on mere skill, efficient players! The game is more than the player of the game.

Like fine music, it can stand the most variable interpretations. It has a spirit which is born anew every April and passes over every green field in the land—Lord's or Little Puddleton. To the humblest lads on the village green, cricket will come in all its sweetness; it does not woo only the mighty. Too much is made of the combative issues of cricket, of the higher accomplishments. Too much is written of this most gracious of games in terms of the "filthily technical," in Mr. Kipling's phrase. We compile our statistical tributes to the conquering first-class man; we talk of his fine shades, of his Harrow drives, and subtlety of spin. And we forget the summer-time amenities in cricket, the poetry of it, its homely pleasaunces, the broad fellow-feeling that warms a cricket field. Is it certain, after all, that when September comes, taking cricket from us, every cricketer will hold in his mind only the matches won, the runs scored, the wickets bowled down? May he not cherish the season for the recollection of some experience got from cricket, but not to be expressed in the language of the technical or the statistical fellows! There were those mellowing hours spent "looking out" on the edge of the cool field—one didn't get a single ball to stop, but think of the charm of the movement of afternoon to sunset, one's face feeling with every moment's passing a warmer and warmer sun. And in melancholy September will not a cricketer here and there think, before he dwells on his handsome average, of that summer evening on which he set out from the noisy city on a tour with his team through Somersetshire? He sat himself down cosily in his carriage seat, and as the train left the station he had a peaceful sense of the town and its clangor falling far behind him every minute. And when the summer-night moon came up in the sky he was far away, looking out through the carriage window on quiet countryside fields. Or maybe the recollection that keeps hold of his mind the tightest of all his memories of the dead season will be one of a journey started at midnight from down in the South of England, with Manchester the destination, and he will try to capture again the charm he felt when he was awakened in his sleeping-bunk at dawn by the clatter of milk-cans on the platform of some sleepy village station, the accents of country voices coming to him in the dark carriage sounding to his half-awakened ears ever so companionable. If he got up then, and, while the train waited, took a walk on the platform and saw the stars waning—well, he will not put even his finely hit century against Loamshire first of all the memories got from his acquaintance with a cricket season.

These are matters, it may be said, which are not definitely of cricket; any man might feel in some such way the loveliness of sun and of English countryside and not be a cricketer. None the less, here are experiences the like of which cricketers can hardly fail to savor; the setting of the game provides them, and none but the dull of soul can miss them. The humblest club cricketer is bound to find his mind aglow with them as he looks back to May—aglow with some flavor of grass just cut, of Saturday afternoons when it seemed that on the fields for miles around him men in white moved about. Memories of tea coming after hot work at the wicket, of shelter from the heat in the little pavilion, of good fellowship cultivated in an ample deck chair while Brown hit his fifty—all these are of the amenable things whereby the spirit of cricket makes itself known in a way not less plain than in fine off-drives and thrilling yorkers.

There must be no talk, then, of a dull cricket season, Test Matches or no Test Matches. Let cricketers play up and play the game by all means, but let them bask and revel in the sense of the fact that cricket is the summer game. They need pray for one thing only—for the sunshine which gives cricket life. A fine summer means fine cricket, whoever is playing.

"Pour on us torrents of sunshine, good sun;  
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine,"

and the rest will be happy enough. And it so happens that the best cricketers—those that appealed even to the man for whom cricket is all technique, all combat—have



been just the very men whose play never failed to express the gracious heart of the game. Think of any of the canny cricketers, the bleak utilitarians who scourge themselves that they might conquer; think of those who have squeezed warm nature out of themselves that they might achieve a formidable technique—think of any of these stark men, and none of them, you will find, made more dangerous antagonists than light-hearted cricketers like Hirst, Briggs, Victor Trumper, Spooner, J. T. Tyldesley, Emmett, Hobbs, Macartney, and Walter Brearley. Warriors all of these, the most invincible warriors—but always happy warriors. No County ever went with more speed and certainty to the top of the championship than Kent a few years ago—yet how gracefully they passed along their conquering ways! Never did they sunder from the heart of cricket in the quest for the spoils of battle. One would stress the moral of all this for the reason that in recent times a County team now and again has seemed to put into cricket nothing but a chilling antagonism better fitted for a Cup Tie. War to the knife—and hang the amenities!—is all very well in a Cup Tie, because football is the finest game in the world as an outlet for the antagonisms of sportsmen. Looked at simply as a combative matter, cricket is, at the most, only a good second to football. Not until the airs and graces of cricket are given a chance does the game leave all others behind in the affections of out-of-door men of sensibility. This is a point missed entirely by those stern folk who would banish from first-class cricket all the “weaker” counties—Somersetshire, Worcester, Derbyshire—just because they are not proficient teams at hunting-out championship booty. Why, it is the “weaker” counties that leaven the championship lump—and how stodgy it would be without them! Here’s a paradox for cricketers: Somerset has never won the championship, but *always* has played the finest, the most charming cricket. It is a paradox which makes our moral into a very Bardolph’s nose of obviousness.

NEVILLE CARDUS.

## Communications.

### THE INSURANCE EPIDEMIC.

To the Editor of THE NATION & THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—If the stream could be traced back to its source we should probably find that the whole thing arose out of E. P. D. At some time while excess profits duty was still being levied, some astute proprietor saw his profits expanding, realized the danger that he was in of contributing a deplorably high percentage of them to the service of his country, and determined that at all costs the thing must be stopped. A stunt must be devised for spending the excess profits before the Chancellor could get them. It must be a good, noisy stunt, a stunt to make people talk, a stunt to make people buy; but, above all, it must be an expensive stunt, to rescue the profits of the paper from the greedy clutch of Somerset House officials. After due consideration he decided that he could not do better than revive an old stunt and offer people the good old bait of a free insurance.

But this time it was to be insurance with a difference. The old schemes used to be carried on from year to year with little or no noise, with very little attention from the public, and with comparatively few claims to justify their existence. You might go on reading a paper for a twelve-month and never know the benefits that it was laying at your feet. You might even be killed in a railway accident with a copy of the insuring paper pressed to your heart without your executors realizing that you were insured, or claiming on the company. Now the scheme was to be done properly. It was not to be announced in a little, shy paragraph tucked away in a corner below the produce markets, but blazoned forth in a double column on the chief news page, so that the dullest old stick of a reader could not escape knowing all about it. And whatever the day’s news might be—wars, revolutions, conferences—the first thing to strike

your eye at the breakfast table should be the unique advantages in the way of insurance tendered you by the particular paper that happened to be open in front of you. To reinforce this clamorous appeal in print a small army of canvassers was enrolled to travel from door to door and rouse the population to the dangers of modern life and the possibilities of protection against them without cost or payment.

The schemes once launched by a single paper naturally had to be adopted by all its rivals, and so the ball started rolling. Each paper, anxious to outbid its competitors, was always devising some new benefit that would look well in print and support the claim that this, and this only, was the true, full, complete, unique, sensational offer. So much for death by accident in a railway train was capped by so much for death by accident in a street. Disasters to a motor-car were countered by disasters to a motor-cycle. Sickness insurance soon came on the field, and the papers were rapidly filled with lists of gruesome diseases that flesh is heir to, and for which, if only you would register, you would be paid £2, £3, or even £4 a week by your friendly newspaper millionaires. “We pay for tetanus,” screams A. “We pay for typhus,” replies B. “Anthrax,” cries A. “Sleeping sickness,” shouts B. “Smallpox,” says A. “Scurvy,” says B. And so forth, in a kind of auction of sickness, till there is scarcely a disease endemic in Eastern Europe or the Tropics for which a Registered Reader residing in the United Kingdom cannot recover compensation from one or other of the great dailies.

It would, however, be a mistake to regard the whole of the insurance stunt as so much camouflage. Many of the things for which you are insured are things not likely to happen to you, but there is a very solid compensation involved in the offers, and the premiums paid by the newspapers on behalf of their registered readers are very large indeed. What the total amounts to it would be difficult to say, but if all the sums paid to insurance companies every year by the newspapers were added together, the aggregate must run into several hundred thousand pounds. To get an idea of the cost and of the benefits secured to the readers, we need only make a calculation based on the rate paid by an individual insuring himself against death by accident. If Mr. Smith or Mr. Jones goes, let us say, to Lloyd’s and takes out a death-by-accident policy, he pays 2s. per cent. on the sum for which he insures. Give every registered reader £1,000 for death by accident, and he is getting free insurance that would cost him in the market £1. Multiply that £1 by the number of registered readers, and we arrive at a total of millions every year for this one risk alone. Of course, the newspapers do not pay the insurance companies the full rate, or anything like the full rate, but the premiums charged them must have some relation to the current market rates, and it is obvious that the sums paid out for the benefit of the readers are very large indeed. Within the last few days an insurance company is said to have paid £500 to re-insure a small part of its liability for one only of the illnesses specified in one of the newspaper schemes.

It has always been the practice of insurance companies to accept this newspaper business at cheap rates, and for that there are two reasons: first, that the insurance company has to pay nothing for getting the business—no agents’ commissions, or inspectors’ salaries, or branch office rents; and second, that it gives the company free advertisement and free introduction to a big, new clientele. The first advantage is a very important one, for the cost of getting insurance business has always been heavy, and under present conditions is steadily growing. To have premium in tens or hundreds of thousands handed over without any of the ordinary canvassing and organization expenses is an experience that delights the heart of any insurance company’s manager. The second advantage is more doubtful. The company is certainly brought into touch with a vast number of new people, all of them potential clients apart from the newspaper business, but it is said that the connection so gained is not very valuable, and that the result of the free advertisement is not to bring the company the kind of solid business that it most desires. If this is so, insurance companies will soon become tired of taking these risks in the bulk too cheap, and it is probable that even if fresh benefits are not added to the old schemes the volume of premium will have to rise. The longer this insurance goes on the

greater will be the number of claims, for as any kind of policy becomes more and more popular, and its advantages are brought home more forcibly to the public, so does the claims ratio tend to increase, because people are all the time being educated to make claims. The remarkable change in the attitude of the ordinary householder towards his insurance company since "all-in" advertisements became so numerous is a case in point, and it will be surprising if the same tendency does not appear in these newspaper schemes.

This being so, it is not impossible that the next development will be the flotation of new companies by the newspapers themselves, either to take their own risks and no others, or to do a general business in addition to the special newspaper "stunt." This method of treating the problem would have great attractions for the newspapers, because it would give them a freedom in working out new benefits and settling doubtful claims that they sadly miss at the present time, and incidentally it would put the whole business on to a much less equivocal legal basis. At present it is very difficult to say what exactly are the contractual relations between the reader, the paper, and the insurance company, and it is conceivable that important issues may turn on the point before it is finally cleared up. Whether the paper is merely an agent acting for an undisclosed principal, or rather, for hundreds of thousands of undisclosed and not yet acquired principals, we are not clear, and to decide it one would require to see both the policy signed by the company at the request of the newspaper, and the various undertakings given by the newspaper to its readers in its daily communiqués. But if the newspaper ran its own insurance company these difficulties and ambiguities would be avoided, and a clean, straightforward contract established between the company and the registered reader. In the path of this development the main obstacle is the Insurance Companies' Act, which stipulates for deposits of £20,000 before insurance business can be undertaken by a company, and naturally a newspaper is reluctant to tie up such large sums in addition to the initial expenses attendant on the birth of every joint-stock company, unless it is reasonably certain that the insurance "stunt" has come to stay, and is not merely a temporary dodge necessitated by bad times in the advertising world.

Apart from one or two newspapers with enormous capitals, no newspaper likes the scheme or wants it to be permanent. It is very expensive and very troublesome, and although it adds big figures to the circulation, these big increases only cancel out those of rival papers which are playing the same game to the same end. But once insurance is started by anyone it must be maintained by all. Otherwise advertisements drop. And it is the advertiser who pays.

He has always paid for your morning paper and provided you, far below cost, with the news of the world's events, the latest triumphs of the photographers' art, and a ready-made political creed. To-day he offers you free insurance, but it is not really free. The cost of it is added to the price of the articles he sells you through his advertisements, and what really happens is that when you buy tea, or clothes, or soap you are paying, in addition to the cost of the article and the profit on it, an extra something which provides the manufacturer with the extra price that he pays the newspaper because of the extra cost it has had in paying the insurance company for your "free" accident insurance.—Yours, &c.,

INSURANCE OBSERVER.

## Letters to the Editor.

### ANTI-TYPHOID INOCULATION.

SIR,—Mr. Paget says no "official answer" is likely to be vouchsafed to my criticisms on the above subject, because I have not reached "eminence" in my profession. I do not understand what an "official answer" means, and, moreover, I have no doubt that as long as I hold and am able to substantiate my present unfashionable views, "eminence in the profession" is not likely to come my way.

He makes several quotations from my writings, of which I have no reason to be ashamed; but as they have nothing to

do with the subject before us, and he makes no attempt to disprove them, no comment from me is necessary.

Coming to the subject in hand, he says:—

"Among our Expeditionary Force in France and Belgium, up to October 25th, 1917, the annual admission ratio per 1,000 for typhoid was nineteen times greater among the non-protected than among the protected. The death rate was eighty-four times greater."

"The admission ratio per 1,000" of what? If Mr. Paget will supply these statistics we shall know what he means.

If he means that the typhoid cases have been divided into an estimated total of the whole British Army in France at that period—the vast majority of whom never came into contact with typhoid conditions at all—I can only remark this is fooling with statistics. Seeing that, according to Major-General Sir William Leishman, 98 per cent of the troops were inoculated, the ratio of the latter was bound to be infinitesimal, and that of the uninoculated proportionately large.

What we want to know is the actual conditions under which the men went down, and how far the inoculation protected, or failed to protect, them under those conditions. That is an issue which neither Mr. Paget nor any of his apologists will face. They prefer to adopt methods of jugglery (I can call them by no other name), whereby typhoid cases are taken out of the count altogether (by, e.g., declaring them to be "uninoculated," if they have not been reinoculated within twelve months, &c.), or are called by other names. The reputation of inoculation has to be saved at all costs.

During the period of the flooding of Flanders, when our men were cut off from the A.M.S. water-carts, and they had to drink anything they could get, typhoid was no respecter of inoculated or uninoculated. During the same period—1914-15—the German Army, suffering under similar conditions, and with every man inoculated with a thoroughness which we can appreciate, had no less than 20,000 men struck down with typhoid. Your correspondent, in order to explain away, if possible, the failure of anti-typhoid inoculation in the French Army, quotes Sir Anthony Bowlby to the effect that "at the beginning of the war the French Army was an uninoculated army." If he will turn to the "Lancet" of December 19th, 1914, he will read: "Anti-typhoid inoculation has been compulsory in the French Army since last March." That is, five months before the war commenced. One manufacturing firm boasts of having supplied over five million doses of vaccine.

To say that "our men were inoculated against typhoid, but not against paratyphoid," in Gallipoli, as an excuse for the terrible disaster which occurred in the course of that ill-starred adventure, is futile. Mr. Paget must prove that there is any difference whatever between typhoid and paratyphoid fever. Moreover, I possess evidence that T.A.B. vaccine (that is, a decoction of typhoid germs, with the addition of so-called paratyphoid A and paratyphoid B) was used from the first.

"After Gallipoli," says Mr. Paget, "our men came to Egypt, and they were inoculated against paratyphoid with admirable results." This is more ingenious than ingenious. If the men were removed from the conditions which produced typhoid and were supplied with good drinking water, pray why should they contract typhoid?

Typhoid fever results from the consumption of polluted water or food; never, I believe, from infection. The true preventive consists in the provision of good sanitation and hygiene. The statistics I have furnished show conclusively that when the latter are neglected the fetish of inoculation is unavailing, and the dangers to life and health resulting from its practice are so great that its use should, in my opinion, like the inoculation of smallpox matter, be prohibited by law.—Yours, &c.,

Gloucester.

WALTER R. HADWEN.

SIR,—I am able now to give your readers the authoritative figures of typhoid and paratyphoid at Gallipoli. Certain statements on this subject have been very false.

The military, local, and climatic circumstances in Gallipoli were uniquely favorable to the spread of diarrheal, dysenteric, and typhoid infections. As Colonel Hunter said of them, the wonder was not why so many should be sick, but how any remained well. In the course of eight months,



the number of sick evacuated was nearly 100,000. Of these, over one-half were cases of diarrhoea and dysentery: and about 8,000 cases were notified as typhoid and paratyphoid.

*The troops had been inoculated against typhoid, but not against paratyphoid.* Of the 8,000 cases only about 800 were typhoid, and more than 7,000 were paratyphoid. That is to say, the troops were protected against typhoid, and there was little typhoid. They were not protected against paratyphoid, and there was much paratyphoid.

On the evacuation of Gallipoli the troops came to Egypt, in January, 1916, conveying with them a great deal of both infections. In February, 1916, the number of cases notified was about 150 a week. Protective inoculation against paratyphoid, with reinoculation against typhoid (T.A.B. vaccine), was begun in February, 1916, and largely carried out during March-June, 1916. The incidence steadily fell, from an average of about 100 cases per week in the first quarter of 1916, to about 60 in the second quarter, 40 in the third, and below 15 in the fourth. Thereafter, during 1917 and 1918, the average weekly incidence remained at the low level of 9, 12, 14, and 9 for the four quarters of 1917, and 9, 8, 13, and 7 for the four quarters of 1918.

This striking result was obtained, though the camp conditions were still favorable to the usual seasonal prevalence of a considerable amount of dysentery each summer and autumn: especially in 1917 and 1918, during the Palestine campaign. Thus from March, 1916, onward, after full protective treatment against typhoid and paratyphoid was carried out, the total number of cases, over a period of 2½ years, in a force averaging from 200,000 to 300,000 men, was only about 2,500, with 136 deaths.

In the South African War, when inoculation against typhoid was not in universal use, and inoculation against paratyphoid had not been invented, there were 57,684 cases and 8,022 deaths over a period of three years, in a force of about the same number of men.—Yours, &c.,

STEPHEN PAGET.

SIR,—With reference to "Wayfarer's" remarks in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM of April 29th, re Dr. W. R. Hadwen's article in "Truth" of April 5th, we, being exclusively responsible for the introduction to the medical profession of the British Empire of Galled Anti-Typhoid, Anti-Dysenteric and Galled Anti-Choleric Tablets, by Professor A. Besredka, successor to Professor Metchnikov at the Pasteur Institute of Paris, should like to draw attention through the columns of your esteemed journal to the most gratifying results obtained by inoculation through oral administration of above-mentioned Galled Anti-Typhoid Tablets during a recent outbreak of a typhoid epidemic in a few villages in the devastated regions of Pas de Calais.

Dr. Vaillant, Medical Inspector of the Health Department of Pas de Calais, gave an exhaustive test to Besredka's Galled Anti-Typhoid Tablets, with the result that out of 1,236 persons vaccinated by oral administration of these tablets, only two persons contracted typhoid in a mild form on the tenth day following, and of these two cases one was of a very doubtful diagnosis. In the same district 173 persons were vaccinated by subcutaneous injections T.A.B., and four persons contracted typhoid between the fifth and tenth days following, whilst out of about 600-650 non-vaccinated, 50 persons contracted typhoid.

The respective proportions can more clearly be seen from the table below:—

		No. of Typhoid	
		cases	%
Non-vaccinated ...	600-650	50	7.7
Vaccinated by means of T.A.B. ...	173	4	2.3
Vaccinated by means of GALLED ANTI-TYPHOID tablets ...	1,236	2	0.17

These results were considered of such great importance that the Paris Academy of Medicine has now authorized the general use of this new method of vaccination by oral administration.—Yours, &c.,

SEALAND TRADING LIMITED.

24, Holborn, E.C. 1.

May 1st, 1922.

[We, of course, know nothing of the merits of this method of inoculation. But we have seen articles describing it in the "Lancet" and the "British Medical Journal."—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

#### THE MICHELSON-MORLEY EXPERIMENT.

SIR,—Mr. Reade's illustration has no bearing on the question, unless he assumes that the ether, in its motion, carries the ether along with it. Needless to say, this point has been investigated. If the ether exists, it is not carried along by the earth. Mr. Reade can bring his illustration into consonance with the Michelson-Morley experiment by taking his passenger out of the ship's tank and dropping him overboard. I shall be interested to see whether Mr. Reade's new ideas on the "addition of velocities" then enable him to get his swimmer from Queenstown to New York as soon as the ship.

That the ether is not carried along by the earth is also the answer to H. G. H.'s letter.—Yours, &c., S.

#### GERMAN WAGES 3s. A WEEK.

SIR,—I am just back from a short visit to Germany. As far as I could see everyone was busy at work. But when I inquired the rate of wages being paid to manual workmen I learnt the astounding fact that they run from 800 marks a month for the unskilled laborer to 1,800 marks a month for the skilled artisan. At the present rate of exchange these figures represent barely 3s. to 7s. a week of our money.

It is true, of course, that the purchasing power of our money inside Germany is three or four times as great as here; even so, 12s. to 28s. are starvation wages on which to bring up a family. But the essential point for us to realize is that for the purpose of underselling our trade it is the exchange equivalent which counts. What chance have our traders against such competition? Protectionists will raise tariff walls in vain, and even if they succeeded in prohibiting all German imports into this country, we must still be undercut in all the neutral markets of the world. Is it any wonder that our trade is stagnant and depressed? Is it any wonder that we have two millions of unemployed?

For this state of affairs the reparations clauses of the Treaty of Versailles are clearly responsible. To find the money with which to pay, Germany must sell at whatever sacrifice; she must sell goods, and when these are insufficient she must sell marks. Thus the exchange tumbles down and down and the German starves at work, while the Englishman starves out of work. Is it not all folly?

I met an English manufacturer in Berlin. He told me that he had a claim against Germany for £9,000 for goods destroyed in Belgium. But he said he would willingly forgo this claim if only these impossible reparations could be swept away and he could get on once more with trade in Europe. He had tried to get the Federation of British Industries to speak out along these lines, but they would not, for though hundreds of other British manufacturers felt as he did, each one was afraid to raise his voice. He implored me, therefore, to state the facts when I got home.

What is the sensible thing to-day? Is it not to write off our share of reparations while retaining the French claim for full recompense for *bona fide* destruction? Might we not expect to secure in return from Germany a promise of absolute free trade (at any rate, for British imports) for at least twenty years to come? If this is the sensible thing, is it not time that it was done?—Yours, &c.,

F. W. PETHICK LAWRENCE.

11, Old Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C. 2.

#### FRANCE AND POINCARÉ.

SIR,—Mr. Harold J. Laski's article in THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, on May 6th, is penetrating, but too pessimistic. Surely he has underestimated the quality and strength of the opposition to the Poincaré policy in France. May I point out as evidence to this opposition the fact that the "Ere Nouvelle," which I have the honor to represent in England, has gathered round it a powerful group of democrats? This month a series of essays from the pen of Mr. J. M. Keynes have been appearing in it.

Mr. Laski writes: "One hears not at all of M. Caillaux." He will be interested to know that M. Caillaux is now a regular weekly contributor to the "Ere Nouvelle."—Yours, &c.,

JACQUES CALMY.

29, Tavistock Square, W.C. 2.

[We are obliged to hold over for this week a letter from the Czecho-Slovak Legation, and other correspondence.—ED., THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM.]

## The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

THE Budget has ceased to be a market factor, early impressions being confirmed by closer study. If second thoughts have produced any change it is in the direction of a hardening of criticism at both ends of the scale, financial purists liking the suspension of the sinking fund the less the more they think of it, and industrialists becoming more convinced that the tax relief afforded is insufficient to quicken trade and enterprise. Genoa has continued to check market activity, and an atmosphere of hesitation and misgiving has been created by persistent rumors of large credit proposals for Russia, and of an Anglo-French rupture, and by reports and denials of grave remarks by the Premier. There is no place where Mr. Lloyd George's avowed object of securing European peace is more earnestly supported than the City, but the whole course and conduct of this apparently ill-starred Conference has so far served, in the eyes of the City, merely to destroy confidence and bring into clearer relief the immense dangers and difficulties and the profoundly unsatisfactory state of the present European position.

### STOCKBROKERS AND THE PUBLIC.

A few weeks ago the Stock Exchange Committee promulgated a set of new rules covering the conduct of Stock Exchange dealings, to come into force after the Treasury has relaxed the present restrictions, which it will do not later than August next, and quite probably very much sooner. These new rules will come up for confirmation at a Stock Exchange meeting on Monday. Their chief features are that they propose the reintroduction of fortnightly settlements and the restoration of the contango system in its pre-war form (except in the gilt-edged market). Since they were issued the proposals have met with much criticism in some quarters; petitions against the restoration of contangoes have been presented; and no doubt the opposition on Monday will be strongly pressed. There seems to be little doubt that fortnightly settlements will be restored, and it is the opinion of some well-informed Stock Exchange men that, whatever may happen now, a return to fortnightly settlements would be followed very soon by the return of carry-over facilities. The arguments used by the opponents of contangoes are formidable and easy to understand. The contango system, as it was carried on before the war, has risk for brokers, and is apt to lead incautious sections of the public to dangerous and undesirable speculation. So much is a truism. On the other hand, reasonable facilities for speculation are essential ingredients in the freedom of markets; and the investing public certainly look to the Stock Exchanges (for whatever rules are adopted in London will be adopted also by most Provincial Exchanges) to provide as free a market as possible for the securities that they wish to buy and sell. Moreover, it is of financial importance that London should provide the freest market in the world for stocks and shares. Further, there is the domestic House argument that the volume of business would almost certainly enjoy a great increase with the abolition of cash dealings and the resumption of contangoes. So the arguments on both sides are perfectly intelligible. To the outside observer the way out may appear simple, namely, to restore the old system and add suitable safeguards against trouble arising either for brokers or the public. This is not quite so simple as it sounds. Some brokers, indeed, declare it to be impossible to institute the provision of cover. But surely it should not prove impossible to devise some sort of safeguard which will work in with the pre-war system. If possible without seriously impairing market freedom, it would seem desirable. For, although hosts of investors had a bitter lesson in unwise speculation two years ago, public memories are short; with Income Tax at five shillings in the £1, the pursuit of quick profit on capital appreciation (which is not taxable) is an inducement to gamble; and finally, price fluctuations are liable to be far more violent and widespread than in those comparatively stable days before the war.

### ASSURANCE *versus* SECURITY INVESTMENT.

Some people invest with the main purpose of gaining high dividends or quick capital appreciation. But the original

investment motive in the great majority of cases is the desire to store up a nest egg for enjoyment in later life, or for transmission to heirs and successors. It is the same desire which impels people to insure their lives; and this desire is, at the present day, catered for in various ways by the great Life Assurance Companies. You may insure your life for a fixed sum to be paid at death, or for a fixed sum to be paid either at death or a fixed date, whichever may come first; or, by paying higher premiums, you may insure for a fixed sum to be paid at death, or an earlier fixed date, plus bonuses declared from time to time by the company with whom you deal, in accordance with the scale of profits which they find themselves able to earn. This third type of life assurance—known as "with profit" assurance—has been greatly popularized of late by the chief companies, and there are several good reasons why those who are of suitable age should pay especial attention just now to its merits. It combines assurance with sound investment of savings. It provides a way out to those who are perplexed by the investment problems presented to them by the continued rise in stock prices and the consequent decline in interest rates. Finally, it gains in attraction at the moment from the fact that the outlook for insurance companies' earnings (upon the nature of which bonuses depend) has taken on a brighter aspect. As soon as the war ended there was a tremendous rush for life assurance. But at that time the profit prospects of the companies were not too rosy. Now the prospects have taken a decided change for the better. "Life Assurance Companies," says the "Economist" of last Saturday, "were rarely, if ever, in a better position to earn profits for their policy-holders than they are just now." Among the reasons for this are the rise in gilt-edged securities, the margin between expected and actual mortality rates, and the margin between actual expenses and those allowed for in the companies' calculations. It need hardly be added that assurance premiums are deducted from income before Income Tax is assessed, provided such premiums do not aggregate more than one-sixth of total income. Altogether, the popularity of this type of policy should expand greatly. Those who contemplate it should make sure that the company they choose is one of the good ones, which, fortunately, are numerous. Some very interesting remarks bearing on this subject were made by the Chairman of the Norwich Union Life Insurance Society at the annual meeting on Tuesday.

### POINTS OF THE WEEK.

In the Exchange Market European currencies naturally fluctuated in accordance with Genoa rumors and denials, but a favorable feature was the continued firmness of New York exchange, the £1 sterling now being quoted at \$4.44½. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in his Budget speech, expressed the hope that this rate would soon return to its pre-war par. It would be interesting to know whether this remark was merely a "pious hope," or an interpretation of the official Treasury view of probability.

Conditions of exceptional ease have marked the week in the Money Market, attributable, apparently, to Government borrowing from the Bank. In the week ended last Saturday, national expenditure exceeded revenue by £2½ millions, and the floating debt was increased by that amount. However, in the present financial year to date, that is from April 1st to May 6th, revenue at £87 millions exceeds expenditure by £11 millions.

The over-subscription of the two £7 million issues—by Brazil and the Mexican Eagle Oil—proved to be heavy. Subsequent issues include Lever Bros. £4,000,000 5 per cent. debentures at 92½, and New South Wales £5,000,000 4½ per cent. stock at 95. A number of lesser issues are out, and the aggregate of demands of the new capital market reinforce international anxieties as a factor checking Stock Exchange activity, although Home Rails are a buoyant exception.

Holder of National War Bonds maturing in October and April next should note that the conversion offer described on this page on April 29th closes on Monday.

L. J. R.





# THE ATHENÆUM

No. 4802.

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1922.



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## The World of Books.

THERE is a Chinese proverb which says—if you have two loaves of bread, sell one and buy a lily. There is something of the universal in this; even a politician could understand it; a philosopher could make a metaphysical system out of it; it would make everybody nice smile gravely and shyly, and the aesthete (who, of course, would tell us to sell both loaves and buy two lilies) feel rather silly. It is also a complete critical compendium of Chinese poetry. We in the West think a good deal about the loaves and fishes; in China, Old China at any rate, life seemed to swing passively and gently between loaves and lilies. We of a totally different civilization long ago divorced the spiritual from the familiar, and the beautiful from the prosaic, and what Milton meant by "plain" has become meaningless for us. But Chinese poetry really seems to grow, like Nature, out of the ordinary soil of life, and yet to be for ever surprising us with the unconscious, casual, unadvertised kind of beauty that sprouts up out of it. Chinese poetry makes beauty as normal and at home as laughing, talking, or eating; the wonderful, the incredible thing is that to us who take ugliness for granted and escape to beauty as a holiday, it should be so.

HENRY VAUGHAN, the tercentenary of whose birth has just occurred, is like the Chinese poets in two ways. If ever there was a star-gazer it was he, only he kept his eyes on the ground, being, in that respect, the precise opposite of Matthew Arnold, who loved the unpolluted stars because they were so far away. There is a dualism in Vaughan as in Arnold, but it is not one based on geographical distinctions. Perhaps that is why his language, though never so graciously accommodating to the reader as that of the old Chinese poets, is, like theirs, utterly free from the poetic attitude. Vaughan is flat and prosy very often, chiefly when he is thinking about his sins, in which, unlike Herbert, the psycho-analytical Herbert he so perversely admired, he was quite uninterested. He was interested neither in Virtue nor Sin, but simply in Paradise, and in Paradise because he spent his life in falling in and out of it. He wrote of Paradise, not as a constituency in which he was anxious to win a by-election, as many other poets do, but as something infinitely strange and lovely and infinitely familiar. Exhortation, invocation, poetic tub-thumping,

the whole bag of professional tricks would have been the worst kind of nuisance to him, by preventing him from hearing the "wonderful, wonderful voices" of the divine choir in the sound of his own voice. He talked under his breath, as though he were always listening, and he has a better opinion of stones than of man with his noisy make-believes, for they, being "deep in admiration," hear all the more for saying nothing.

If Vaughan had consented to write a competition essay for the "Saturday Westminster," giving his views of what Paradise was like, he would have come out bottom. He would have said nothing more than that it was like earth, only that we would insist on wearing smoked spectacles. The Voice out of the Burning Bush would for him have been a bird singing out of a gorse-thicket, and all the misery and folly of the world came from "mad man" making a derision where none existed in reality:—

"O knowing, glorious Spirit! when  
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,  
When thou shalt make all new again,  
Destroying only death and pain,  
Give him amongst thy works a place,  
Who in them loved and sought thy face."

But the works are "No mercy-seat of gold, No dead and dusty cherub—nor carved stone," and God does not manifest Himself in unearthly apparition, but—

"When my Lord's head is filled with dew, and all  
His locks are wet with the clear drops of night,"

and the loss of Eden was not when the angels drove out man but man drove out the angels, which "lay lieger" under "each bush and dell, Each oak and highway." The idea that Vaughan is an esoteric poet is ridiculous; it is only those who condemn the world of sense who see a natural antagonism between it and the world of spirit. The test of true mystics like Vaughan and Blake is their immunity from the departmental view of life. Matter to Vaughan was "a quickness which my God hath kissed."

SPIRIT without matter degrades us into Spiritualism and kindred aridities, if they are not something worse; and matter without spirit is just mud which we call by a variety of fine names, usually ending in -ology. Vaughan, therefore, who consistently saw the other world in terms of this one, is more than a name, born three hundred years ago. A heaven "primrosed and hung with shade" is one near and dear, and earth to reach it may well bear "bright shoots of everlastingness." Reading Vaughan over again is not like reading literature at all, but like living once more one's rarest and brightest moments; it evokes and eternalizes them. Poets, artists of any kind, who can do that for their readers are very rare; we are more often bullied or preached or dazzled or frightened into sympathy or compliance. But Vaughan refreshes us as persuasively as the spring morning he so often walked in by the waters of Usk, gently calling men out of their hideous fantasies, and, like the skylark, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home."

H. J. M.

## Reviews.

### SAMUEL BUTLER AND "THE ODYSSEY."

The Authoress of "The Odyssey." By SAMUEL BUTLER. Second Edition. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

The Odyssey. Rendered into English Prose for those who cannot read the Original. By SAMUEL BUTLER. Second Edition. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

I CANNOT resist the temptation of looking to see what the other man has said. I like to read reviews of books I am reviewing. It is a source of perpetual wonder and delight to me that the same object can evoke such different responses; it is a simple proof of the inexhaustible variety of this battered, good old world. And when the rare occasion comes, and I find myself in complete agreement with another critic, there is the equally delightful feeling that between us we have got hold of some small particle of truth.

Therefore I read "Q's" review of these two books of Samuel Butler's in a recent "Observer" with eagerness. Though it is impertinent to say so, I cannot help liking "Q," which proves my psychology is not altogether *à la Rochefoucauld*, for I owe him an old-standing debt of gratitude. "Q" is one of the least professorial of professors. To my crusted youth he sometimes appears positively school-boyish. At least, that is the adjective applied to the healthy scepticism that no actual schoolboys ever display. "Q" is a person who does not often permit himself to be humbugged by literary prestige.

The more astonishing was it to discover that these two books of Butler's had provoked in him a perceptible outbreak of *esprit de corps*. He said that it was quite natural that Butler's theories about "The Odyssey" should have been completely disregarded by the scholars of a generation ago, and that Butler's resentment of this neglect was due to "his touchiness and offensiveness." He concluded by saying that one of Butler's theories—that the geographical substance of Ulysses' wanderings was a circumnavigation of Sicily—"would have earned respectful treatment in his lifetime if Butler had ever learned to behave himself in talking with men as good as he."

That set me wondering. First, I wondered how many men as good as Butler there were in 1892. Not many, I think, though I am, perhaps, as far as "Q" himself from being a Butler-devotee. Very few, I am sure, if they have to be found among the professors and scholars of the time, and not among the independent men of letters. Then, I wondered whether, supposing Butler had behaved himself, anyone would have accorded respectful treatment to his main theory, that "The Odyssey" was written by a woman. Even "Q" does not go so far as to promise that. Then again, whether Butler was really so "touchy and offensive." It was, no doubt, silly of him to expect that Jebb would take any notice of his theories in the edition of "The Odyssey" which appeared six weeks after Butler's letters to THE ATHENÆUM. But silliness of that kind is not offensive. It is naive. Butler ought to have learned from experience—he had had plenty during his fight against Natural Selection—that professors are inclined to dismiss as impertinent all theories that do not come from other professors. Butler was naive because he had a touching faith in the truth; he was unfortunate because he had an original mind and saw a good deal more of the truth than most of his contemporaries. There is surely nothing offensive in his little paragraph expecting that Jebb, if he had rational arguments to urge against the "Odyssey" theories, would have slipped a note into his edition. I find it pathetic. Butler would have been perfectly satisfied if Jebb had added a postscript: "Just as this book was going to press I received an interesting book by Mr. Samuel Butler, putting forward a curious and original theory of the authorship and composition of 'The Odyssey.' It arrived too late for examination in this book; but I hope to deal with it at the earliest opportunity." It was not much to ask for. It would have been manna in the wilderness for Butler, who had grown weary of his single-handed fight. Jebb may have been as good a man as Butler. He should have treated Butler as a man as good as himself.

But we can guess too well what Jebb felt as he wrapped the robes of his Regius Professorship round him: "The Odyssey" written by a woman! Nonsense! The man's a lunatic!" The fact remains that it was not nonsense at all. We may accept or reject the theory; but for heaven's sake let us look at it first. And when we have looked at it, we find it is based on the most searching literary criticism of "The Odyssey" that has ever been written. Underlying the criticism is a definite theory of literary creation. No other critic of "The Odyssey" has ever worried about such a simple necessity before. Again we accept or reject this theory; but we have to do so with our eyes open. And, whether we accept or reject it at the end, it is only common fairness to admit that Butler has taken us closer to "The Odyssey" as a literary creation than any of the digamma conjurers who brushed him aside as an impertinence.

Butler wrote many impertinent things in his life, and he chiefly confined them to his Note-Books. But his handling of "The Odyssey" was not an impertinence at all. No man of Butler's essential sagacity devotes ten years of his life to a mere impertinence. To a paradox, perhaps. Because some paradoxes have the merit of containing truth. Listen to the "impertinent" Butler:—

"A certain invincible scholasticism prevents us from being able to see what we would see at once if we would only read the poem slowly and without considering anything that the critics have said concerning it."

"This, however, is not an easy thing to do. I know very well that I should not have succeeded in doing it if I had not passed some thirty rebellious years during which I never gave 'The Odyssey' so much as a thought. The poem is so august: it is hallowed by the veneration of so many ages; it is like my frontispiece, so mysterious, so imperfect, and yet so divinely beyond all perfection; it has been so long associated with the epic poem which stands supreme—for if 'The Odyssey' be the Monte Rosa of literature, 'The Iliad' must, I suppose, for ever remain as the Mont Blanc; who can lightly vivisect a work of such ineffable prestige as though it were an overlooked *parvenu* book picked up for a few pence at a second-hand bookstall? Lightly, no, but inexorably, yes, if its natural health and beauty are to be restored by doing so."

The grievance against Butler is not that he is offensive or irreverent—could anything be more truly reverential than those words?—but that he dared to look at "The Odyssey" with fresh eyes. That is the crime.

Just as literature itself consists in looking at life with fresh eyes, so criticism consists in looking at literature with fresh eyes. Whatever antagonisms Butler may have excited in writing "The Authoress of 'The Odyssey'" and in translating the poem into an English "which has the same benevolent inclination towards Tottenham Court Road as Messrs. Butcher and Lang have towards Wardour Street," he was dealing with the great poem as nobly as any man can, that is, as a work of literary creation having a permanent and actual importance. "But he theorized about it?" Of course! Literary criticism is theorizing about literature, but theorizing about it as literature, as the expression of a mind, not as a collection of antiquated syntax tags, or a museum of anthropological remains. Butler felt that "The Odyssey" was the work of a single hand and sensibility; he felt that the sensibility was a feminine sensibility. He explained in great detail why he had these feelings. And apparently other people had the feeling (which they took care not to explain in detail) that it was highly improper for him to have any feelings about "The Odyssey" at all.

If Butler's theory is to be challenged, it must be challenged seriously, not pooh-poohed by the conservatism of scholastics and anti-feminists. Butler can be blown up only by those who are willing to dig deeper than he. Deeper, that is, into the bedrock of his assumptions. He is quite honest about them. He insists upon his axioms. "No artist," he says, "can reach an ideal higher than his own best actual environment." Trying to materially improve upon that with which he or she is fairly familiar invariably ends in failure. It is only adjuncts that may be arranged and varied—the essence may be taken or left, but it must not be bettered." In other words, when the poet of "The Odyssey" is describing most vividly, she is describing that which she actually knows; and when we find a peculiar directness in certain recurrent attitudes of mind which she expresses, then these attitudes of mind are



her own. The creative imagination does not really create; it reshapes and refashions, to a limited extent, the elements of actual experience.

Probably that principle is sound; but it is also vague. No doubt the element of actual experience is always present. But what limit can we set on the transformations it may undergo? "Hamlet" is Shakespeare; so is "Lear," so is "Antony." Which is the real Shakespeare? The highest common factor of the three? But that is amorphous, nothingness itself. Butler himself, we know, set a very narrow limit to possible transformations. Mr. Festing Jones's "Memoir" revealed to us that "The Way of All Flesh" was a minute transcription of Butler's own history, and that Christina's amazing letters—so extravagant that it seemed impossible they could be real—were actually written to him by his mother. Butler, in his very desire for honesty, in his zeal to test all things by his own experience, may easily have come to regard himself as the type of the creative artist. Perhaps he was attributing his own psychology to the writer of "The Odyssey" in much the same way as Mr. Frank Harris discovered an *alter ego* in Shakespeare.

The applicability of the method depends upon two things—the nature of the subject-matter and the nature of the investigator. "The Odyssey" is a simpler affair than Shakespeare, and Samuel Butler a better writer than Mr. Harris. Moreover, though his paradox seemed more enormous, Butler was not trying to prove so much. With any objective work of literature it is much easier to decide whether a man or woman wrote it than to discover intimate details of the author's private life. Throughout "The Odyssey" Butler discerns innumerable touches which in his opinion betray the feminine mind—above all, the woodenness of the men as compared with the vivid naturalness of the women; and in a like manner, when he deals with the topography, it is really the vividness of the local description in the Nausicaa episode which decides his opinion that the writer was describing features that were daily before her eyes. Since the Scheria of "The Odyssey" is a place possessing very marked and peculiar features indeed, when he found a locality that corresponded to it (in Trapani) Butler believed that he had discovered the home of his poetess.

Well, perhaps he was wrong. Vividness is a relative matter, and no absolute conclusions can be built upon it. There is also a sense in the words of the scholar who told Butler he was ruthless. "I do not give much heed," he said, "to the details on which you lay so much stress: I read the poem not to theorize about it, but to revel in its amazing beauty." At any rate it is pleasant to think of the scholar revelling. But the writer is in a different case. He is condemned to wonder how the beauty was created and what manner of person created it. Butler went his own patient, unrhettorical, slyly humorous way about the investigation, and whether his final conclusions were right or wrong, he discovered truths about "The Odyssey" which no one had been able to discover, or at least to state, before him.

J. MIDDLETON MURRY.

#### THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE COMMON GOOD.

**The Elements of Social Justice.** By L. T. HOBHOUSE. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

**The Metaphysical Theory of the State.** By L. T. HOBHOUSE. New Edition. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

IN 1918 Professor Hobhouse published his criticism of the Hegelian theory of the State, which became rapidly accepted as a classic of its kind, and has just been reprinted. "The Elements of Social Justice" is its legitimate sequel; for upon the basis of that earlier destructiveness he has sought to erect a positive structure suited to the conditions of the time. It is not an easy book to summarize, for it represents a doctrine essentially eclectic both in substance and in temper. It is liberal; but it has learned much from the teaching of Socialism. It is conservative in the admirable sense that it is not disdainful of past experience; but it is too open to the appreciation of experiment to make it the natural product of conservatism. And if it is informed by a single purpose, the major part

of its conclusions are inductions from life itself, rather than judgments upon it. The whole is informed by an admirable poise and a calm serenity of outlook. Every student of social science has cause to be grateful for this suggestive survey of his problems.

Professor Hobhouse begins by a wise insistence that politics must be regarded as subordinate to ethics. Therein he pays a just tribute both to the admirable effort of the Benthamites and to his own realization that a social theory which is not in itself a theory also of individual conduct, is necessarily inadequate. He seeks to discover a good which means the harmony of experience with feeling, and to lay down the conditions upon which its attainment depends. At bottom, goodness for him means goodness for the individual, and he is never tired of pointing out the very vital distinction between collective achievement and personal happiness. But neither is he willing to sacrifice society to the individual, or to be so timid of novelty as to take his stand upon the immediate accomplishment of the given time. He admits the doctrine of rights—ultimately an individualist doctrine—but his right is seen only and always within the social context by which each man is surrounded. We are entitled, that is to say, to the fulfilment of our personality, but in fulfilling it our feeling of what we want to be and do must harmonize itself with the collective experience of what secures the general welfare. And the limitation is fair, because collective experience shows that in its absence our feeling of satisfied desire has little chance of securing its realization. So we can attain a theory of freedom, of justice, and of equality. Nothing in the book is better than the treatment of equality. "All members of the community," writes Professor Hobhouse, "... have an equal claim upon the common good, while any difference in what is due to them, or from them, must itself be a difference required by the common good."

It is not inaccurate to say that the rest of Professor Hobhouse's discussion is an attempt to apply that principle in practice. It leads, it need hardly be said, to a radical revision of the present terms of social life. Needs must be provided for in terms of, and proportion to, their social urgency; and this involves the payment of a wage which maintains the civic efficiency of the worker. Property as an exclusive right disappears, and becomes, so far as industry is concerned, a function of society; and individual right to its disposal becomes, in that aspect, simply the right to participate effectively in the making of common decisions. All property must be based on the performance of function, and Professor Hobhouse insists that the mere ownership of wealth is no title to industrial direction. He does not favor any special method of industrial organization. Like most recent thinkers, he still leaves private enterprise a large field of its own; though the restrictions with which he hedges it about deprive it of its socially dangerous powers. On the whole, the general outlook is a wise harmony of much recent work, presented with the clarity that always distinguishes Professor Hobhouse's writing.

Criticism, one suggests, would begin with the last chapter, which is the least thought out in the book. We may agree that, for social philosophy, the final authority is not legal, but spiritual. We may agree, also, that the ultimate unity of the human race means that the boundaries of State and nation must be transcended; and that the functional theory of society is of great importance from that standpoint. But all turns, as Professor Hobhouse himself says, upon securing "an effective expression of will from the ordinary man," and it cannot be said that he has given that problem the attention its importance warrants. For the implication is that man is by nature a political animal, and that assumption has still to be proved. Professor Hobhouse's own robust faith in liberal doctrine must have been put to a severe test in these last years. Granted that the rational solution is always the right solution, we still need to know whether man is a sufficiently rational creature for rational solutions to be accepted. And beyond that we have to inquire how far the "ordinary man" is likely to be interested in having an effective will. There is at least a large section of any community to whom by nature the whole process of politics is abhorrent. They have, in the franchise, a fragment of political power. How far is that

fragment "effective"? Professor Hobhouse would not consider as effective the casting of an occasional vote. He is probably as appalled as most of us at the ease with which Mr. Lloyd George gulled the electorate in 1918. What are the agencies by which he hopes to transform the non-political mind into a mind both desirous of and capable of knowledge upon public affairs? Education, doubtless, will do much; though we should be warned by the experience of war that education and a love of truth are not coincident. It is, indeed, possible that the multitude would gladly exchange political power for material comfort. The number of those who seek out the foundations of political right because they feel the implications of a democratic system may well prove to be small. At any rate, the least satisfactory assumption of Benthamite democracy was its belief that the ordinary man knows his own interests and can protect them at the polls.

This is not to vitiate Professor Hobhouse's conclusions; but it is to suggest a divorce between them and the method of their application. One thinks of a study he is so eminently qualified to undertake in which a picture might be drawn of the impulses at work in society and the institutions they involve for their adequate expression. It would, one imagines, be discovered that the number of those to whom self-government is important for its own sake is small, and that the majority is interested in the results while it is indifferent to the process. Democracy, in fact, has come because it is the method least unlikely to prevent our securing the interest of the whole. If that be true, Professor Hobhouse's conclusions would still be sound; but the institutional pattern they involve would be very different from what is evidently in his mind.

#### EVOLVING CHINA.

**China Awakened.** By Dr. M. T. Z. TYAU. (Macmillan. 25s.)

EVERY study of present-day China by a patriotic Chinese is instinct with a certain pathos—China, so vast, so helpless, so wronged, so misunderstood. Her sons, eager to show what she has done, what she can do, must needs content themselves with so relatively little. China has 7,000 miles of railway, says Dr. Tyau—7,000 miles for a country of  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million square miles, and with a population of 400 millions. There is one Chinese shipping company owning tonnage to a figure of 60,000, and none other worth mention even by name. One in eighty of the teeming population receives some sort of education—a marked advance on the situation nine years earlier, when the ratio was one in a hundred.

From so elementary a stage has China still to struggle up. Dr. Tyau is not blind to her handicap, though he concentrates, naturally enough, on the progress she is making rather than on the distance yet to be set behind her. And progress is, in fact, being registered. New forces are at work, notable among them the student movement. To that striking phenomenon of modern China Dr. Tyau devotes a very interesting chapter. He tells of the astonishing demonstrations that followed the news of the allocation of Shantung to Japan at the Paris Peace Conference, when a thousand students were arrested for demonstrating in the streets, and some thirty thousand came demanding, or offering, to be arrested, too, if the first prisoners were not released. He touches on the extraordinary efficiency of the strikes and boycotts initiated, in the first instance, by the students, and executed with such thoroughness that Japanese trade with China dropped by 40 per cent.

All that, though interesting, is negative, but there is a singularly constructive and illuminated purpose in another of the students' activities:—

"Having aroused the nation," says Dr. Tyau, "prevented the signature of the Versailles Treaty, and assisted the merchants to enforce the Japanese boycott, the students then directed their energies to the enlightenment of their less educated brothers and sisters—for instance, by issuing publications, by popular lectures showing them the real situation, externally as well as internally, but especially by establishing free schools and maintaining them out of their own funds. No praise can be too high for such self-sacrifice, for the students generally also teach in these schools. The

scheme is endorsed everywhere with the greatest enthusiasm, and in Peking alone it is estimated that fifty thousand children are benefited by such education."

Admit, if you will, and often enough one must, that it is a case of the one-eyed teaching the blind—in the sense that the student's little knowledge may sometimes be as much a danger as a benefit politically—there is yet ample room for the admiration which Dr. Tyau justly seeks to stimulate.

On many other aspects of life in modern China Dr. Tyau touches, a little discursively but pleasantly and to good purpose. He has lived long enough in London to be free from the danger of judging China by merely Chinese standards, and he is sufficiently a lover of his country to write with feeling as well as discernment, with loyalty as well as the necessary detachment of the critic. A university lecturer himself, he gives prominence to a study of educational development, not merely mechanical, but spiritual. The expansion of the Press has done much, and will do far more, to broaden public opinion, and the writer finds the popularity of periodicals a remarkable phenomenon as evidence of the intellectual rebirth:—

"There is," he says, "a critical spirit abroad. Men no longer take statements at their face value, but will ask questions and also try to answer them. During this period of transition they are willing to study all theories relevant to an understanding of their problems—social, intellectual, religious, political, economic, and educational. For this purpose translations from foreign authors appear in almost every publication—e.g., Carpenter's 'Love's Coming of Age,' Marx's 'Das Kapital,' the doctrines of Robert Owen, Louis Blanc, Saint Simon, &c., and many others publish numbers exclusively, e.g., the Dewey Number, the Ibsen Number, the Marx Number, the New Thought Number, &c."

So does China race on to get abreast of the moment. The perils of that process are manifold and manifest, and China cannot hope to escape them all. But at least she may claim that outside nations shall refrain from taking advantage of the opportunities afforded by her travail of transition. The Washington Conference is by far the most solid assurance China has ever received, and she can hope now, as she hardly dared to before, that whatever her temporary weakness, her more powerful neighbors will suffer her to work out her destiny unimpeded.

But before China can take her due place in the family of nations she must somehow discover, or rather rediscover, the secret of unity and government. On the anarchy and division that prevails to-day Dr. Tyau touches a little too lightly, though he has history with him when he points to the struggle the American Colonies had to wage with disruptive influences before they could set their commonwealth in order. And he does, at any rate, help considerably towards the understanding of China, a service for which both China herself and non-Chinese may be duly grateful.

#### A FREUDIAN LOOKS AT A SOUL.

**Margaret Fuller.** By KATHARINE ANTHONY. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

If it were not for the neo-Freudian waves which wash over into the margin, this would be a very good biography. Even so, it is a more understanding account of a remarkable woman—a woman of genius, but, though she earned fame with her pen, not a writer of genius—than most of the impressions left by Margaret Fuller's contemporaries. It is rather bold to call in the psycho-analyst practitioner to diagnose a patient dead these seventy years.

But let the psychology go to the account of Miss Anthony's pet fad. To a tolerant mind, it may add a touch of humor to a story otherwise little relieved in its strenuous earnestness. In the most tragic happenings bits of fun may slip in. Heine pictured a desperate Republican plunging a knife into his heart, but first smelling it to see whether someone had not split a herring with it. The herrings Miss Anthony splits first are very red. "The feminism of women," she says, apropos—well, Margaret Fuller, we must suppose—"like the corresponding form of sex-solidarity among men, is based on a social impulse which is, in turn, rooted in an erotic impulse towards others of one's own sex." It was only our ignorance that had made the case as clear as sunlight to us. Margaret, we had believed, was a woman of greatness of mind and



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goodness of heart who fought for the political and economic freedom of women, and of men too, and was deeply fond of her friends. It seemed so easy to understand till the dark side of the Freudian lantern was turned on to mystify the picture.

The strong attachment between Margaret and her father once appeared rather natural. What man would not have admired such a daughter? What little girl would not have loved such a father? Margaret's description of her young emotion for her parent draws this comment from Miss Anthony: "One would think that even a literary biographer would realize the uncanny eroticism of this reminiscence." Timothy Fuller overdid the cram of teaching, with ill effects upon his child's health. That is how it would have struck an onlooker years ago: but "nowadays the veriest tyro in psycho-analysis could have told Mr. Fuller what it was that was making such inroads on his daughter's nervous system." Here is a warning to all fathers and daughters to be circumspect in company.

Fortunately, these Freudian waves do not engulf the whole book. The tide recedes and leaves a clear image of a brilliant woman. Margaret Fuller was a bold thinker and a courageous liver who did not shrink in action from the implications of her philosophy—though, knowing the strength of the Bostonianism of her day, she did suffer some faintness of heart at the last. As her biographer says, "her life was a vindication of her belief, as an intellectual woman, in the reality of the instinctive life; as it was also a vindication of her belief, as an instinctive woman, in the reality of the intellectual life." It is difficult to think of her, when out of her teens, as a growth from the soil of New England Puritanism. The pioneers among whom she worked felt it necessary to apologize. "We are all a little wild here," wrote Emerson to Carlyle, "with numberless projects of social reform." He added that he was "gently mad" himself, but was resolved "to live cleanly." Of all that company Margaret was thought by Americans to be the wildest; she was not even "gently" mad.

The famous "Conversations" were held in Boston from 1839 to 1844. Margaret was the "paid Corinne." It was a feminist adventure, though the conversations covered a wide ground from Greek mythology to modern woman's position in the family. Margaret's book, which made such a stir in America and in this country, "Woman in the Nineteenth Century," was the outcome of these conversations. The only book comparable to it was Mary Wollstonecraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Women," published half a century earlier. Margaret prophesied that Nature would make a female Newton and a male Siren: "Nature provides exceptions to every rule. She sends women to battle, and sets Hercules spinning; she enables women to bear immense burdens, cold, and frost; she enables man, who feels maternal love, to nourish his infant like a mother."

When Margaret marked a person for a friend, said Emerson, the one so marked could not escape. She attached herself to Emerson, who found it "impossible to hold out against such urgent assault." They became joint editors of "The Dial," and what success the journal had was mainly due to the woman's tremendous drive. It expired when she left Boston for New York. Her chance of a wide appeal came when Horace Greeley offered her the post of literary critic on the "New York Tribune." Before her time the American Press had never had a literary critic so well equipped. Her judgments were incisive, and her friends grew apprehensive of her intellectual honesty. "Here," she said of Emerson, "is undoubtedly the man of ideas; but we want the ideal man also—want the heart and genius of human life to interpret it. . . . We doubt this friend raised himself too early to the perpendicular, and did not lie along the ground long enough to hear the whispers of our parent life. We would wish he might be thrown by conflicts on the lap of Mother Earth to see if he would not rise again with added powers." She preferred the "animating influences of Discord" to the cloistered life in Concord. Longfellow and Lowell came under the microscope. Lowell ever after pursued her, in the Press and in letters to friends, with a ferocity which betrayed his wound. Earlier she had translated "Eckermann's Conversations," and written in defence of Goethe at a time when New England—including Emerson—regarded

Goethe as an intellectual old gentleman who had led a nasty life.

The great adventure of her career was her visit to Europe, when she met the Carlyles, Harriet Martineau, George Eliot, the Brownings, George Sand, and Mazzini, who was her hero. She had misgivings about Carlyle, but he was impressed with her personality. "Such a predetermination to eat this big Universe as her oyster or her egg," he said, "I have not before seen in any human soul." In Rome she threw herself into the revolution of Garibaldi, and at the same time fell in love with an impecunious Italian nobleman, ten years her junior, by whom she had a child. They were subsequently married, but it has not been possible to fix the date. Margaret's impetuous life was nearing its tragic close. Returning to America with her husband and child, her ship was wrecked within sight of the port of New York. Neither her body nor her husband's was recovered, but that of the infant was washed up on the sands. The ship remained afloat for ten hours after striking the sandbar, and survivors all agreed that Margaret made no effort, from the beginning, to save herself and her family. A mood of acquiescence seemed to settle her fate. The forebodings of taunts and ostracism may have had effect upon a character which had already suffered shock by the ruin of her hopes and Mazzini's in the revolution in Italy, which was to herald the making of the United Republics of Europe.

## Foreign Literature.

### THE TEXT OF DANTE.

*Le Opere di Dante.* Testo Critico della Società Dantesca Italiana. (Florence: Bemporad. 36 lire.)

*Dante in Spagna, Francia, Inghilterra, Germania.* By ARTURO FARINELLI. (Turin: Bocca. 40 lire.)

THE Italian Dante Society has celebrated the sixcentenary of Dante's death in the only way in which a great poet can be worthily honored, by a critical edition of his works which makes a serious attempt to give us something approaching a definite text. We have still to wait for the fully annotated "Edizione Nazionale," upon which the Society has been long engaged. So for the present we must remain "contenti al quia," as represented by this admirable volume, which is beautifully printed on Oxford paper. It contains both the Latin and the Italian works, and is provided with an important analytical index "of names and things," by Mario Casella, which occupies over a hundred pages. Yet the whole is eminently serviceable, light, and *tascabile*.

The fact that the "Fiore" is excluded shows that its claim to a place in the canon is still in the balance, and there are distinct signs that the balance is beginning to turn against it, a phenomenon which the present writer, at least, does not pretend to regret. But it is considered to be of sufficient importance for the editors to promise us a separate critical edition.

By far the most valuable portion of the new text is that of the "Rime," for the old name is, we are glad to see, restored to what we have long known as the "Canzoniere." The "Rime" have never been critically edited. Of all Dante's works this is the section "che più gridava soccorso." The task was, of course, entrusted to Michele Barbi, the general editor and editor of the "Vita Nuova," who has long been busy upon it, and the results would alone suffice to give importance to the present edition. Professor Barbi re-arranges the Rime in eight groups, the last of which contains the doubtful poems. The thirty-four by Dante's friends are printed in italics, while those that are condemned as spurious are listed in an appendix. It would be too much to expect that the last word has been said upon all these poems, but at least we have a scholarly text upon which to base further inquiries.

One thing stands out clearly from this volume. We are living in an age of faith. The eclipse of the sceptical type of critic, with his "confounded, disinheriting countenance," is most noticeable in the letters, all of which now appear to be accepted as genuine, even those written in the name of the Contessa di Battifolle, though there still seems to be



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The Heptameron of the Tales of Margaret,  
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## Rabelais.—The Works of.

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a little grumbling over the claims of the letter to Can Grande. They are now the "Epistole," though to our mind there is little to be gained by restoring the medieval spelling of the Latin. It is true that the changes are not extensive, but there is something positively uncanny about a word like "ydiomatibus." A better case can be made out for the return to the original spelling of the Italian. In accordance with the best MS. authority we are now able to talk of the "Monarchia," dropping the "De." As a result of the work that has been done upon it, the text of the "Divina Commedia" naturally comes through the fire better than anything else, and, after all, the rest is of small importance by comparison.

It is hopeless to expect finality, and already the decisions of the editors—for the different parts have been entrusted to various hands—are being disputed in many quarters. But the text is one upon which all concerned are to be heartily congratulated, and this handy volume will be a welcome possession to Dante lovers.

In his new volume, which is, he tells us, "raccogliendo un po' tutte le letterature all'ara sacra di Dante," Sig. Farinelli has reprinted and brought up to date some of his earlier writings on Dante's influence abroad. The essay on Dante in Spain strikes us as the most original and important. In "Dante in Inghilterra" he retells Dr. Paget Toynbee's story as a connected whole, not infrequently slipping in an item of fresh information of his own. It is worth noting that the book is dedicated to Karl Vossler and Dr. Toynbee. "Dante in Germania" shows that Dante's progress followed much the same lines there during the Romantic movement as elsewhere. The "Inferno" was considered the best part of the *Commedia*, which deteriorated steadily in the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso." Germany had its Ugolino mania and its royal enthusiast in Prince John of Saxony. Farinelli draws attention to the debt which De Sanctis' Dante criticism owes to Hegel. It is, however, with Dante and Goethe that he is principally concerned, and he is at his best in pointing the contrast between the two poets. Goethe could never have been a Dante enthusiast, and he knew little of him beyond the "Inferno." The book is another monument to the vast learning of the distinguished scholar from whose pen it comes.

L. C.-M.

## Books in Brief.

**The Evolution of Civilization.** By JOSEPH MCCABE. (Watts. 3s. 6d.)

A TREMENDOUS subject for so small a book. The leaps are enormous. The million years of man's childhood are covered in sixteen pages, but sufficient hints are given to warn the reader that there is a literature of controversy about the geological discoveries. It is interesting to note, in reference to what is now known of the civilization of ancient Crete, that Mr. McCabe's studies of the indications of land subsidence point to there having been continuous land from Greece to Asia Minor and Palestine, if not to Egypt. Probably, too, a great deal of the Adriatic Sea was dry land. Crete is the largest surviving fragment of this lost land. Some of his speculations are not easy to follow. He doubts whether the world will ever again reach the highest Greek and medieval standards of art: "Great art—or periods of great art—belong to the earlier phases of civilizations. The possibility of them seems to grow fainter as the intellectual part of man grows stronger. . . . The artistic future in general must consist in raising the sentiment for art, the power of appreciating art, in the mass of the people. That would be an immeasurably greater service than a new galaxy of artistic geniuses." Mr. McCabe is a safer guide when describing established facts. Then he is always lucid and interesting, if dogmatic; and if this outline of history can excite the young to the study of larger works it will perform a highly commendable service.

**Indian Administration to the Dawn of Responsible Government.** By B. K. THAKORE. (Bombay: Taraporewala; London: Luzac. 4 rupees.)

VERY few English people take any interest in India or know anything about that "great Dependency" of which

our Imperialists talk so big. We English are content to leave our great Dependency to the Civil Service and the Army. We continue to trust that they know all about it, and will do the right thing in an emergency. So long as everything seems quiet, that is all the enormous majority of us know or care. Such indifference and ignorance are not surprising. India is far away; her problems are different from ours; her history is very unlike anything we understand; and her present form of Government is difficult and complicated. So we attend to our business, and hope all will be well. But at the present moment all is obviously not well, and India is fast becoming the business of every Englishman who cares for his country's reputation or for the millions of Indians over whom we claim rule. No more useful guide to the difficulties of the present situation could be found than this definite and lucid summary of India's history for the last 150 years, in so far as our own country has been concerned with it. The work is mainly constitutional, tracing the progress of popular government (if one may call it "popular" even now) up to the great scheme of reform connected with the names of Lord Chelmsford and Mr. Montagu. Mr. Thakore is Professor of History and Political Economy at Poona Deccan College, and he knows his subjects. Though showing a sympathetic understanding of all Indian movements, he himself belongs, one gathers, to the school of Gokhale, wisest of statesmen.

**The Fortnightly Club.** By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. (Murray. 12s.)

"DEADLY hackneyed themes," remarked a member of the Fortnightly Club. Life and Death, Good and Evil, the material and the spiritual—man has discussed them since he discussed anything. Professor Launceston (through whom Mr. Hutchinson projects his light) says the old things in the new way. The process of evolution is accepted by the scientific theologian: it is thus God reveals himself to man. There are a few difficulties. But a mystical phrase is an ever-present help. The word Instinct, repeatedly used, does in time impress its hearers as in itself explaining its difference from Reason. The members of the club could not have been remarkably quick in the uptake not to see through Launceston's demonstration with the parrot. The professor, we should say, was far too clever and too learned not to be aware that a mystical statement is not actually more reasonable than a scientific argument. But Mr. Hutchinson has a preconception or two, and it is clever of him to give the subtle Launceston an audience not too quick and bright. Not that we have not enjoyed those debates. Mr. Hutchinson has a lively style, and he can set out his knowledge of natural history and other sciences with clarity and distinction. There are humorous interludes. "I am a self-educated man," says Launceston; "I was at Eton and Oxford."

**Death and Its Mystery: Before Death.** By CAMILLE FLAMMARION. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

"WHEN the earth on which we live shall have turned only a hundred times more around the sun, not one of us, dear readers, will still be of this world." This is not intended by the distinguished astronomer who has written this book as a depressing admonition. Its effect is meant to be cheering. If the problem of the immortality of the soul has not been solved in the affirmative, he bids us take comfort that it has not been solved in the negative. It may be asked why the thought of eternity should be considered cheering, but M. Flammarion does not deal with the question. He takes it for granted that the prospect pleases. He does not rely upon Faith. He declares that the mystery of death is being dispelled by scientific experiments. He claims to prove that the soul exists independently of the body; that "man is not merely an animal organism endowed with material sense, but also a psychic being endowed with qualities altogether different from those of the animal organism; that there is in him something else than that which can be seen, touched, and weighed—an element independent of the senses, a personal principle that thinks, wills, and acts." The existence of the soul, he claims, is established by definite observation. Like some other men of science, he has been attracted to the study of psychic phenomena. The "definite observations" and the "proofs"



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## From the Publishers' Table.

A SECOND series of "Studies in Literature," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, is announced for publication at the Cambridge University Press this summer; also, a new and much-enlarged edition of Dr. C. Sanford Terry's "The Forty-Five," a volume gathering together several contemporary accounts of the last Jacobite rising. Before us, incidentally, is the latest issue of the "Jacobite," a slight quarterly which makes the not unreasonable claim of being "the only Jacobite paper in New Zealand."

WE believe the Anchor liner commanded by the author of "The Brassbounder" has become a sort of link between the literary circles of New York and London. She is the home, we have heard, of an exclusive club when in New York Harbor, and the rare notions there exchanged do not figure in the ship's manifest. It is said to be Captain Bone's intention to open a bookshop on the latest big addition to his company's fleet, and to persuade young literary men to run the shop in turn. The Captain's next book, "The Look-Out Man" (an account of modern steamships), is to be published by Mr. Jonathan Cape, and will be illustrated by Mr. H. Hudson Rodmell.

BEFORE Mr. Robert Nichols went to Tokyo as Professor of English Literature we remember hearing a good deal about a play in the grand manner by him, and now that he has returned, further details are available. The play is "Guilty Souls," written in prose, and prefaced by the author; the situation with which it deals is one in England at the present day; and it will be published this month by Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

A SUMMER School of Librarianship will be held at University College, London, from July 17th to July 29th, and particulars may be obtained from Dr. W. W. Seton there; the course, at the opening of which Sir Frederic Kenyon will give an address, includes English literature

and technical library subjects. The mornings will be given to the actual course; during the afternoons there will be visits to places that have particular interest for the librarian.

FROM Girtton, a magazine produced by present and past members of the college, in aid of the Russian Famine Relief Fund, has made its appearance. The title is "The Raven," and the price half-a-crown. The purpose of this venture is, of course, an excellent recommendation to the public; and we hasten to add that the contents, prose, verse, drawings, and music, are modestly pleasing.

MR. A. A. MILNE describes a lunch with a Major-General in the current "Ypres Times," the magazine of the Ypres League. It was apparently somewhere near Béthune, and afterwards Mr. Milne felt like ourselves on such red-letter days. "I ran into our very military Brigadier. . . . He did not know my name; but there was nothing in that, because I didn't know his." This magazine is a reviver of memories, sad and otherwise; and there are some curious sidelights for those who knew the Salient. For instance, the very existence of several tunnelled dugouts in the Ypres Ramparts had been forgotten (locally) until the road above them fell in during recent heavy rains.

WITH the great vision of the Burdett-Coutts sale before us, it is a little difficult to be excited by the humbler attractions of bibliography in the booksellers' catalogues, with exceptions. The ingenuity of Mr. Francis Edwards provides "A Select Catalogue of Oriental Books," and "Scotland and Scotsmen." There is a quarto noted in the latter list which, at six shillings, seems singularly desirable, the "Ode on the Popular Superstitions of the Highlands," by William Collins, 1789. The poem had previously appeared in certain "Transactions," but even so this edition of a masterpiece, the text of which, by the manipulation and adornment of its early admirers, has so many problems, is surely important.

## Music.

### SINGERS AND AUTOCRATS.

AUTOCRACY in modern life is neither popular nor fashionable. Yet there are certain kinds of human activity in which the influence or action of an autocrat is beneficial and even essential. One of these activities is music. All experience goes to show that no real artistic success can be achieved without an autocrat; the only thing about him is that he must be an autocrat with brains. It is possible for small groups of musicians, like the English Singers, to get on without one, to be, indeed, as these are, the first of their countrymen for almost three hundred years to convince audiences in foreign countries that there is in England both real music and a real musical tradition. But the English Singers are only six, and they stick together not only because they are musicians or because they have brains, but because they are idealists in pursuit of the same ideal.

The autocrat, or at any rate the brains, come into the selection of every programme of music, even if it be a recital given by one singer. Among all the recitals, "numerous and innumerable," which are to be heard in London, it is not uncommon to find a programme chosen with a certain amount of brains, or one which has at the back of it some idea beyond that of exhibiting the concert-giver's ability. Miss Dorothea Webb relieved an "all-British" recital last Saturday by a group of settings of poems by Mr. Walter de la Mare. The composers represented were Messrs. Armstrong Gibbs, Arthur Bliss, Clive Carey, Frederick Keel, and Herbert Howells. One missed Denis Browne and Malcolm Davidson, who appeared in the "Chap-book" of four songs by Walter de la Mare, published three years ago by the Poetry Bookshop; especially since Denis Browne's "Arabia" remains one of the most magically beautiful settings of De la Mare in existence, and is in its musical technique one of the most advanced of all



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# PLAYER'S



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modern English songs. The group chosen by Miss Webb showed that the first three composers understand De la Mare, while the others do not.

Mr. de la Mare is the poet of a certain generation of composers, as Mr. A. E. Housman was of a generation slightly older. "The Shropshire Lad" was discovered by musicians at the moment when the folk-song revival was passing from the stage of collecting tunes to writing original tunes of the same sort—at the moment, that is, when folk-song was ceasing to be a thing of folk-lore and becoming a stimulus to cultivated music. Dr. Vaughan Williams and George Butterworth were bursting with characteristically shaped English tunes of their own, like those which they had taken down in wayside inns and "places where they sing"; and they found in the curious directness and earthiness of Mr. Housman's poetry exactly the words and the spirit which they wanted. The day of "The Shropshire Lad" is past. Even before the war Denis Browne and Clive Carey were reading "Peacock Pie" and "The Listeners," finding there a source of infinite musical suggestion, not merely for setting the words to music but pointing as well to a new direction for musical thought. Neither of these apparently ever passed through a "Shropshire Lad" stage; but Mr. Gibbs approached Mr. de la Mare with a blend of English countryside and fantastic dreamland, as if he were a Shropshire Lad who had been in "Arabia." No other composer is so complete an exponent of the De la Mare world in music, whether he is setting words or no. His songs—nearly twenty have been published by this time—show a feeling for poetry, combined with a technical musical accomplishment, possessed by few other English composers of his generation. They are the songs of a man who knows how to write for the voice, as anyone who tries them through will see. They also show up the qualities or defects of singers. "The Bells" is a big song which wants purer production and more unaffected singing than Miss Dorothea Webb was able to give it on Saturday. (This, and Denis Browne's "Gratiana dancing and singing," are the kind of song Elena Gerhardt should sing, instead of the miserable English or American productions she included in the first of her recent recitals.) "The Song of the Shadows," on the other hand, which Miss Ursula Nettleship sang last week, perhaps for the first time in London, showed what musicianship and ease of production can do with a voice of no great range or power. Miss Nettleship had evidently thought out her programme with care; she had been an autocrat to herself. The group which began with Purcell, and, passing through Dowland, ended in Blow, was particularly interesting. "What is't to us who guides the State?" is like a leading article in the —, set to a splendid piece of baroque declamatory music; and the singer treated it as such.

The autocrat with brains is, of course, most essential of all in opera. The National Opera Company, however, seem to have begun by appointing, not an autocrat, but a publicist. The Company were right—or, if not right, reasonable, from the financial standpoint—in not embarking upon operas which were rash experiments. They probably knew what they were about in putting on a faked Offenbach production like "The Goldsmith of Toledo," rather than a real opera like Mr. Gatty's "Tempest," which has been "sold out" at every earlier performance, although it is one of the most poetical (and even original) of modern operas. You can do new operas at smaller theatres; but a performance at Covent Garden is a severe test for everyone concerned in it, and behind it all looms the unfortunate fact that a Covent Garden audience does not like novelties. Judging only from the first week of performances, it is clear that the National Company is, on the whole, coming very well out of its ordeal. Attempts have been made to think out some of the operas afresh, and it is possible that the Company have an autocrat after all, although his name has not been revealed. At all events, it will be very well worth while to go and see how the members of the Company manage; they are all good and tried singers, bound to do good work, and if only they can meet with intelligent direction, they may do very good work indeed.

J. B. T.

## Forthcoming Meetings.

- Sat. 13. Royal Institution, 3.—"The Disappearing Gap between the X-Ray and Ultra-Violet Spectra: I., Grating Results," Prof. O. W. Richardson.  
Irish Literary Society (7, Brunswick Square, W.C. 1), 8.—"Maria Edgeworth's Ireland," Mr. R. Ashe King.
- Sun. 14. South Place Ethical Society, 11 a.m.—"Mr. Chesterton on the Modern Spirit," Mr. J. McCabe.  
Indian Students' Union (Keppel Street, W.C. 1), 5.—"The State of Europe, and How to Improve It," Mr. G. P. Gooch.
- Mon. 15. King's College, 5.—"The Place of Sacred Gifts in Hebrew Practice," Lecture II., Prof. G. B. Gray.  
Royal Geographical Society, 5.—"The Evidence of a True North and South Directive Force in the Atmosphere," Mr. E. A. Reeves.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Contemporary History of Spain," Lecture V., Don Rafael Altamira.  
University College, 5.30.—"Some Present-Day Tendencies in Music," Lecture II., Mr. J. H. Foulds.  
Aristotelian Society, 8.—Discussion on Prof. Whitehead's "Enquiry" and "Concept of Nature."  
Royal Institute of British Architects, 8.—"The First Half-Century of the R.I.B.A.," Mr. J. A. Gotch.
- Tues. 16. Royal Institution, 3.—"Tyndall's Biological Researches and the Foundations of Bacteriology," Lecture I., Dr. W. Bulloch.  
University College, 5.—"The Influence of Insects in the Transmission of Infection," Lecture III., Sir Arthur Shipley.  
Royal Statistical Society, 5.15.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Influence of English Literature on Russian Thought," Mr. E. A. Brayley-Hodgetts.  
University College, 5.30.—"Molière's 'Le Misanthrope,'" Mr. Hilaire Belloc.
- Wed. 17. University College, 3.—"The Arthurian Legend in Dante," Barlow Lecture II., Prof. E. G. Gardner.  
Royal Meteorological Society, 5.—"Weather and the Crop-Yield in the North-East Counties of Scotland," Dr. A. E. M. Geddes.  
School of Oriental Studies (Finsbury Circus), 5.—"The Idea of Personality in Sufism," Lecture I., Dr. R. A. Nicholson.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Morphological Character of the Skin-Pattern in Insects and Mammals," Prof. van Bemmelen (of Groningen).  
Peasant Arts Guild (21, Gower Street, W.C.), 5.30.—"How to be Happy though Working," Mr. Maurice Hewlett.  
University College, 5.30.—"India's New Constitution," Rhodes Lecture III., Lord Meston.  
C.B.C. Society (Essex Hall), 8.—"Proposal of the Doukhobors to Murder their own Children," Mr. Aylmer Maude.  
Royal Microscopical Society, 8.—Exhibition of Microscopic Pond Life.
- Thurs. 18. Royal Institution, 3.—"Plant Sensitiveness," Lecture II., Prof. F. Keeble.  
Royal Society, 4.30.—"The Progress of Metabolism after Food in Swine," Prof. T. B. Wood and Dr. J. W. Capstick; and other Papers.  
University College, 5.15.—"Atoms, Molecules, and Chemistry," Lecture III., Sir Joseph Thomson.  
King's College, 5.30.—"The Contemporary History of Spain," Lecture VI., Don Rafael Altamira.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Portuguese Literature: Romantics and Republicans," Prof. G. Young.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Italian Painters of the Fifteenth Century: Verona and Ferrara," Prof. P. Dearmer.  
University College, 5.30.—"English Translations of Carducci," Mr. Addison McLeod.  
Chemical Society, 8.—Exhibition of Letters from the Roscoe Collection.
- Fri. 19. Association of Economic Biologists (Imperial College of Science), 2.30.—"The Biology of Freshwater Fishes," Mr. Wilfred Rushton.  
London School of Economics, 5.—"Modern Views of Indo-European Origins," Lecture II., Dr. P. Giles.  
King's College, 5.30.—"Tolstoy's Influence on Russia's Destiny," Mr. Aylmer Maude.  
Birkbeck College, 6.—"The Influence of Soil Conditions on Agriculture," Lecture II., Dr. E. J. Russell.  
Philological Society, 8.—Annual Meeting; Prof. J. P. Postgate on "The Need for investigating Syllabism in English."  
Royal Institution, 9.—"The Structure of Organic Crystals," Sir William Bragg.

[An International Conference, arranged by the Movement towards a Christian International, is to be held at Sonntagberg, Austria, from the 7th to the 14th of August. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, 17, Red Lion Square, London, W.C. 1.]



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